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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

RUMOURS that Mr. Baldwin was about to resign the leadership of the Conservative Party and that Mr. Neville Chamberlain would succeed him were very prevalent at the end of last week. On Sunday, however, Mr. Baldwin returned from Aix-les-Bains, "thoroughly fit and well," and on Monday he had a long interview with Mr. Chamberlain, who subsequently issued a statement that there was "no truth whatever" in the rumours, and that Mr. Baldwin would take an early opportunity of delivering a public pronouncement in which he would state the policy of the Party. If we remember rightly, Mr. Baldwin made a series of public pronouncements in which he stated the policy of the Party, shortly before he went abroad. Since then, however, his "followers" have made a variety of other pronouncements, so it is certainly desirable that questions of policy should be authoritatively cleared up.

Meanwhile, an amusing situation has arisen in South Paddington where a by-election is pending. This has been a safe Tory seat for many years, but the Party are now making a determined effort to lose it. A United Empire (Rothermere) candidate was early in the field, and the Empire Crusaders (Beaverbrook) also threatened to run a candidate. The official Conservative candidate, Sir Herbert Lidiard decided, however, to avoid this second opponent by taking the full Beaverbrook pledge at his adoption meeting. This had the desired effect, and Sir Herbert was duly embraced by Lord Beaverbrook. Unfortunately for the unhappy candidate, his move was not so well received by Mr.

Baldwin, and Sir Herbert received an official intimation on Monday that he would not have any assistance in the election from the Central Office. This announcement seems to have left Sir Herbert Lidiard defiant but incoherent. In a reply to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, he wrote:—

"I came to the conclusion that the best policy to preserve the unity of the Association was by taking up the attitude I did at my adoption meeting, in which, in my opinion, and with great respect, there is nothing to impair the unity of the Conservative Party, and which would be contrary to both my past and present services to the party."

After studying this letter, we feel compelled to agree with Lord Beaverbrook that "in Sir Herbert Lidiard we have a candidate so well suited to expound" Empire Free Trade.

It will be observed that the net result of these manoeuvres is that South Paddington has at present a Beaverbrook candidate and a Rothermere candidate, but no Baldwin candidate. The TIMES is urging that one should be found, and observes, rather flippantly, that this would make the election "at once instructive and amusing."

There is some definite progress to be reported from Geneva. It has been found possible, under the terms of the original Statute of the International Court, to increase the number of judges from eleven to fifteen and impose on them the obligation to reside at The Hague and abstain from other employment, by simple resolution of the Assembly, thus turning the flank of the obstacle presented by Cuba's refusal to ratify the amending protocol. The Convention on Financial

Assistance to States becoming the victims of aggression has been adopted in final reading, and it is expected that several States, including Great Britain, will sign it during the present session. The Second (Economic) Committee has adopted, to the great disgust of the British Dominions, a report urging speedy ratification of the "Tariff Truce" Convention, and the discussions in the Committee have shown a strong desire on the part of several European States—notably those of the Danubian basin and Scandinavia and Holland—to establish closer economic co-operation by groups, pending the adoption of a wider scheme. The Italo-German proposal for replacing the Secretary-General of the League by an advisory council has been defeated in the Fourth Committee by 30 votes to 5.

* * *

Unhappily, this is only one part of the story. The General Act of arbitration and the draft General Convention to strengthen the means of preventing war are both held over for further examination, and though the fate of the amendments to the Covenant, for the purpose of linking it up with the Kellogg Pact, is uncertain at the moment of writing, the prospects do not appear to be very hopeful, in spite of the remarkable enthusiasm and ability with which the case for the amendments has been argued by Lord Cecil and Mr. Noel Baker. Finally, the debate on the Disarmament Committee's Report showed clearly how great are the obstacles to a solution of this key problem, on which the operation of the Convention for Financial Assistance, and British support for all other measures for preventing war alike depend. Dr. Curtius and Count Apponyi put, with great force, the point of view of the nations already compulsorily disarmed; Lord Cecil underlined Mr. Henderson's appeal for progress and emphasized the necessity for arbitration, security, and disarmament to proceed simultaneously; but M. Briand could give no better help than a boast of what France had already done in the way of reductions, and a repetition of the French thesis that security must precede disarmament. Taken in conjunction with the breakdown of the Franco-Italian negotiations, M. Tardieu's beating of the security big drum, and the apparent readiness of M. Poincaré to raise anew the German bogey, M. Briand's speech is profoundly disquieting.

* * *

So far as can be gathered from the brief reports issued of the Franco-Italian negotiations for a naval agreement, the French suggested that each party should build and replace *pari passu*, or nearly so, with the other, until 1936. When this proposal was rejected M. Massigli made the ingenious suggestion that there should be parity in numbers but not in tonnage. The Italians, it would seem, stood absolutely firm on their demand for complete theoretical parity, and tested all the French proposals by it. M. Briand has stated his belief that an agreement will ultimately be reached, and Mr. Henderson, who has striven hard to promote an agreement, also remains, officially, hopeful. This suggests that the negotiations are held up until the French can ascertain what the actual Italian programme will be if parity is granted, and there are good grounds for supposing that Italy would not at once build up to equality with France. Nevertheless, the wild and inflammatory speeches made by Signor Mussolini when the last two Italian cruisers were approved, and the general attitude of France towards disarmament problems, make optimism very difficult. The best news on disarmament is that the Japanese Privy Council, which has been steadily losing ground in its

struggle with the Cabinet, is now practically certain to advise ratification of the London treaty.

* * *

M. Tardieu's speech at Alençon reiterating the French Government's view that security based on contractual guarantees accompanied by sanctions must precede disarmament is a much clearer reflection of French public opinion as a whole than those delivered on the same day by M. Daladier and M. René Renoult, leaders of the Radical Party in the Chamber and Senate. The more liberal attitude expressed by these two belongs, unfortunately, to a decreasing minority, and that largely owing to the Radicals and Radical Socialists themselves. It is so very hard to know what they really think, whereas M. Tardieu's opinions are quite simple and always the same. During the last session they led a violent attack on the Government for its neglect of national defence, and now they are attacking it quite as strongly for spending too much on national defence. M. Daladier criticizes M. Tardieu's separation of security and disarmament into watertight compartments, and yet remarks: "At the present time, a disarmed people would be an easy prey for the Fascists." M. Herriot is eloquent on the necessity of conciliation, but says in connection with the German election: "Two dangers have arisen: that of revolution, in which I have no great belief, and that far more to be feared of war." Naturally, the ordinary newspaper-reading Frenchman plumps for the more understandable and definite attitude adopted by M. Tardieu and M. Poincaré.

* * *

The German Chancellor has decided to face the new Reichstag without Cabinet reconstruction, and has drafted a programme which he hopes will rally a majority round him, and so prepare the way for political alliances when the Budget has been passed. The programme is concerned solely with measures for dealing with the country's economic difficulties. First there is to be a general reduction in the salaries of Government officials; everybody, from President to clerk, is included. All municipalities and other local bodies receiving aids from the Reich are making similar reductions, and the total economy is estimated at 220 million marks. This and a further measure for making the revenue and expenditure of the unemployment insurance scheme independent of the Budget will, it is hoped, make good a deficit estimated at a figure between 450 and 600 million marks. Effect can only be given to this programme if the Socialist Party support it, and they, presumably, feel that the success of the Nazis justifies them in reconsidering their party programmes.

* * *

By a strange turn of events the Nazis have been given an exceptional opportunity of following up their election success by a dramatic appeal to the population at large. Three artillery lieutenants have been brought to trial at Leipzig on a charge of corrupting discipline in the interests of the National-Socialist Party, and their counsel called Herr Hitler himself. By German procedure a witness may practically make a speech, and be subsequently sworn to his statements. Herr Hitler made a fine use of his opportunities. He assured the court that when the Nazis came to power—which would not be long delayed—heads would roll, and all the institutions of the country would be changed; he also gave an assurance that this revolution would be a mental and spiritual process, and that violence would merely be incidental to it. The Treaty of Versailles and all its offspring would be abrogated; but this, added Herr Hitler, would only be done by diplomatic means.

The court swore the Nazi leader to his strange statement; but for some unexplained reason, refused to admit the evidence of a Government official who, on the instructions of his Ministry, was ready to produce documentary evidence that Hitler was endeavouring to overthrow the institutions of the Reich by revolutionary means.

It is clear, therefore, that whatever the issues before the court may be, the issue before the German people is whether Hitler and his party are dangerous revolutionaries or turbulent charlatans. On this the evidence produced in court, with regard to the culpability of the three accused officers, gave a certain amount of guidance. There can be little doubt that the Hitler programme of decapitating respectable citizens, and tearing up treaties, has found adherents in the Reichswehr, and that they have been prepared to tell their men that they ought not to fire on the Nazis in case of trouble. This is an extremely serious matter. The Reichswehr is far too small to disband disaffected units and reform them, after the manner of conscripted armies. Any movement which affects its discipline affects the entire country acutely. The outcome of all this will probably be at least a temporary rally of all parties to the Government: the weakness of their position is that, for the moment they have nothing but severe economic retrenchment to offer to a nation which is excited by large political issues.

From a statement made by Mr. Thomas to Press representatives, it appears that the British Government at least are determined to keep the political problems of the Empire well to the forefront at the Imperial Conference. Co-operation in Defence and in Foreign Policy, the removal of restrictions on Dominion legislation, and the desirability of creating a new Empire Appeal Court were among the subjects to which he directed particular attention. General Hertzog is clearly going to raise the issue of the "right to secede," and while Mr. Thomas is inclined to dismiss it as merely academic, it is doubtful whether a formal admission of the principle can be much longer evaded. Further, General Hertzog has stated, in an interview with the East African delegation, that he proposes to raise the question of the repercussions of East African native policy in South Africa, and it may become necessary to contemplate the search for agreed principles of native policy for the Empire as a whole—an exceedingly thorny problem.

At the farewell banquet given to the Viceroy by the Punjab Government, Lord Irwin paid a fine tribute to the patriotic efforts of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar to procure an agreement with the Congress leaders. In doing so he referred to rumours that the real attitude of Mr. Gandhi and his associates was less uncompromising than their public utterances, and that private assurances by himself on the constitutional issue might have facilitated an agreement. Lord Irwin very properly made it plain that he had neither authority nor moral right to prejudice the results of the Round-Table Conference, and that the Government itself could enter into no secret bargains with a single political party behind the backs of the rest of India. He concluded by a measured denunciation of the civil disobedience campaign with its inevitable progress from non-violent to violent methods, and an expression of his gratitude for the growing movement towards constructive co-operation. The Viceroy's fine appeal is likely to have the more effect in that the rally of the Moslems, the Depressed Classes, and the moderate

Hindus to the support of the Round-Table Conference threatens to leave the Congress Party out in the cold, while the deplorable effects on Indians themselves of the boycott and of such outrages as the brutal murder of four policemen and officials at Panvel becomes more obvious every day.

The recent cession of Wei-hai-wei to the Chinese Government was an inevitable consequence of British post-war policy in the Far East but although inevitable, and indeed proper, it is impossible to repress sympathy for the admirable population whose fortunes are now at the mercy of generals who levy contributions for their troops, and of troops, compelled by hunger to help themselves. For over thirty years the farmers, labourers, and artisans of this small settlement have conducted themselves like most worthy British citizens. At the beginning of the occupation Chinese enrolled in the Government service were, it is true, suspicious of a system which gave them all the pay due to them with no accompanying statement of the amount which their superiors would subsequently take back; but this was the only difficulty. When it was overcome, the population paid their taxes with the utmost regularity, worked and prospered, and resolutely supported the authorities on the rare occasions when there was trouble. It is characteristic of these sensible and deserving people that they regret the British cession, but feel no bitterness about it, and that with the dignity and courtesy of their race they assembled together and gave the last British Commissioner a cordial farewell.

Increased income tax and surtax were prophesied by Mr. Henry Morgan, the President of the Incorporated Accountants, at a conference last week. There was a well-founded expectation, he said, of a substantial drop in revenue, and there must be an increase in the rates of income tax and surtax next year if the yield was to be maintained at its estimated level. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Morgan's view has been at all modified by the revenue returns for the first half of the financial year which have been published this week. Judging by these returns, income tax and surtax have been coming in fairly well, both showing increases of over £2 millions. Stamps, on the other hand, show a decrease of more than £3½ millions, while Customs and Excise are nearly £3 millions down.

With the death of Pett Ridge London is the poorer in the loss of one of its most brilliant and sympathetic commentators and a friend who devoted much of his life to the service of its under-dogs. Those who know and admire his published work, who have found continual enjoyment in his sketches of Cockney life, will not be surprised to learn that he took far more than an artist's interest in his humble models. But the record of his kindly activities, of which we are now reminded, is more lengthy and honourable than even his friends had suspected. He was the founder of the Babies' Home at Hoxton, the constant friend of the Home Workers' Union, a supporter of the Children's Happy Evening Association, a school manager at Somers Town and Bethnal Green, a visitor at Pentonville Prison, and associated as a member of the Committee with the East London College, and was a member of the Working Men's College at St. Pancras. Such voluntary service was an essential part of his life, and extended in even wider directions. He was no iconoclast, but having laid the precious touch of his humour on the struggles of poverty, did his utmost to alleviate its hardships.

THE ROCK OF GOLD

DURING the next few months, we are likely to have our fill of conferences. The gathering of Dominion representatives which has opened this week will be watched with the keenest interest; and it will be closely followed by the Indian Round-Table Conference at which decisions of incalculable importance will be taken. These proceedings must inevitably receive the fullest publicity. Meanwhile, another conference is foreshadowed which may vitally affect our daily lives and exercise a world-wide influence upon the course of trade, but it is highly improbable that its decisions will be made known, and it is certain that publicity will be avoided like the plague. According to reports from well-informed quarters in New York, there is to be a meeting in the near future of the heads of the Central Banks of America, Britain, Germany, and France. Both Dr. Schacht, the former President of the Reichsbank, and his successor, Dr. Luther, are expected to be present, and it is said that the new Governor of the Bank of France, M. Moret, will also attend the meeting. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of such a gathering. The holders of these offices are probably the most powerful figures in the modern world. Monetary policy, which is largely in their control, exercises a greater influence on the welfare of nations than financial policy or tariffs, and, being still a complete mystery to the great majority of electors, it can be pursued without the need to justify and explain or the fear of political reactions. That, at any rate, has been the case in the past. Recently there has been a growing tendency on the part of economists and monetary experts to initiate the more intelligent politicians into some of these mysteries, and awkward questions are being raised and discussed both in national parliaments and in committees of the League of Nations. Like the Foreign Ministers of a generation ago, some bankers feel that this curiosity is impertinent and dangerous, and thus if they meet at all they prefer to do so unobtrusively.

It is certainly desirable that the heads of the Central Banks should confer together at this juncture, and we hope that nothing will prevent the projected meeting in New York from taking place. The agenda of such a conference would, we imagine, divide itself naturally into two parts. In the first part we should expect to find a number of questions relating to the present position of world trade and the measures which the banks might take to facilitate a recovery from the present slump and to avert a relapse. The second part of the agenda would probably be devoted to the consideration of the Interim Report of the Gold Delegation of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations. Such a division would have the advantage of separating the urgent short period problems from the equally important long period dangers pointed out by the Gold Delegation, so we may at any rate adopt it in this article.

The monetary factor was almost certainly the decisive factor in bringing about the present disastrous slump in world trade. Its operation may be described in the very simplest terms. If the value of goods is expressed in the amount of gold for which they can

be exchanged, then an increase in the value of gold causes a general fall in the prices of everything else. That was precisely what happened in 1929. There had been a steady increase for some years in the world demand for gold for monetary purposes, owing to the general return to the gold standard in Western countries. The shortage thus occasioned was accentuated by the monetary policies of America and France which resulted in both those countries absorbing and immobilizing large quantities of gold in excess of their requirements. The result was a rapid rise in the price of gold, or, in other words, a rapid fall in commodity prices. Other factors were also, of course, at work, and once the slump had set in on a grand scale the monetary factor ceased to be decisive. But prices cannot go on falling for ever, and basic commodity prices must now be nearing rock bottom. The question which demands the most anxious consideration of the Central Bankers is, therefore, this: when a recovery begins, will it be nipped in the bud by a contraction in the supply of money and credit? It need not be so, if the Bankers are capable of a reasonable measure of foresight and co-operation. The chief danger seems to be that France will continue to ignore what Sir Josiah Stamp calls "the international rules of the game." But it is difficult to believe that the new Governor of the Bank of France could not be persuaded to play. We have spoken already of the atmosphere of mystery which surrounds the Central Banks. The disadvantage of that atmosphere is that it relieves the bankers of any real pressure from public opinion, but this has its corresponding advantage in that it is only necessary to convince a handful of people before international action can become effective. A joint statement by the heads of the Federal Reserve Bank and the Reichsbank and the Governors of the Banks of France and England that they were taking the necessary steps to secure an adequate supply of money and credit to finance a recovery of trade would certainly have a most salutary psychological effect in the present circumstances.

If it is reasonable to expect the Central Bankers to do what can be done to help the world out of its present distresses, it is also reasonable to ask them to take the necessary steps to avert another such slump in the future. Here the Report presented last month to the League of Nations should prove most valuable. The Gold Delegation is a highly competent body, including such authorities as Professor Bonn, Professor Cassel, Sir Henry Strakosch, and Professor Sprague, and it has access to the best sources of information. Appointed "to examine into and report upon the causes of fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold and their effect on the economic life of the nations," the Delegation has confined itself in this interim report to the question whether the prospective supply of gold is likely to prove sufficient to meet the probable monetary demand in the future. To this question the answer is an emphatic negative, unless international measures are taken to economize in the monetary use of gold. Some remedial measures are suggested by the Delegation, but the essential point that emerges is that it will be impossible in the near future to maintain the Gold Standard without a considerably greater sense of

partnership between the Gold Standard countries than has prevailed in the past.

The Delegation "has reserved for further consideration the problems of the distribution of gold, of the effect of price fluctuations on general prosperity, of the manner in which such variations can best be measured, and of cyclical as distinguished from long-term movements." Its report on these matters will be eagerly awaited, and it is most important that it should be published as soon as it is ready. An attempt has recently been made to put a stop to the work of the Delegation and to leave the matter in the hands of the Bank for International Settlements. No such proposal should be entertained. It is clear that the time has come when monetary policy must be handled in the open and that an instructed international opinion must be brought to bear upon it. Only so can we ensure a general standard of good international behaviour which will save world trade from foundering on the rock of gold.

SOUL FORCE AND THE BOYCOTT

WHEN I wrote a short time ago concerning Soul Force in India, and endeavoured to explain its new technique which I had personally witnessed, both in South Africa and India, the control of the Indian movement was still with Mahatma Gandhi; for even after his imprisonment his injunctions were being strictly followed by his disciples.

Just before starting on his passive resistance campaign against the salt tax he had written to me a revealing letter, saying that the spirit of violence was in the air, and that the Lahore Congress had disclosed this fact to him. He explained to me that there was violence on the part of the Government which had taken the form of "repression, pilfering, and fraud." In the last of these words he probably referred to the British Government's withdrawal from the full implication of the Viceroy's declaration concerning Dominion status. By "pilfering" he clearly had in mind the salt tax, which robs the poorest of the poor and never touches the rich. He added that the spirit of violence among his own people had been provoked by the repressive measures of the Government. At Lahore, this violent spirit was shown by the reluctance to pass a resolution—even when Mahatma Gandhi himself pressed it—condemning the bomb outrage which had nearly wrecked the Viceroy's train. I do not think for a moment that this meant any secret sympathy with bombing, but it did reveal an angry and dangerous mood.

In this letter Mahatma Gandhi goes on to state that it would be impossible for him to remain inactive and allow the violence to increase. To do so would be futile, if not cowardly. He had, therefore, made up his mind to run the boldest risks. He had arrived at this conclusion as the result of deep and prayerful thinking. The nature of the action which he had to take was not yet clear. It had to be civil disobedience of some kind. But who, besides himself, had to take part was uncertain. Nevertheless, he concludes, "the shiny cover which overlays the truth is thinning day by day and will presently break."

The last words which I have quoted were almost prophetic, because he started soon afterwards on his march to the sea in order to court imprisonment. In the same letter he describes a long conversation which he had just had

with the poet, Rabindranath Tagore. He wrote to me how the friend, whom we both revered and loved, had aged considerably, and how they had come nearer to each other than ever before. In all his own heroic application of Soul Force, Gandhi has had the whole-hearted admiration of Tagore. There has not been the slightest difference between them on this high plane of human experience. Tagore sent out to Gandhi words of good cheer when he was struggling so bravely against tremendous odds in South Africa, and he did the same in India when Gandhi determined to offer passive resistance against the Rowlatt Act in 1919. Tagore himself gave up his knighthood after "Amritsar." At the same time, on more than one critical occasion, the poet has felt bound to give an emphatic warning, whenever he felt that the non-violent character of the struggle was in danger of passing over into some subtle form of violence. One of these critical times came in 1920 when a blind, unreasoning following of Gandhi seemed to be taking the place of a reasoned, intelligent faith. Another crisis came later when Tagore protested against the symbolical burning of foreign cloth as likely to lead to a violent spirit. Whenever the poet wrote publicly, Mahatma Gandhi paid special attention to his words. He called Tagore "The Great Sentinel," and that name has become classical.

Personally, I have little doubt that history will confirm the fact that Gandhi's "march to the sea" did actually forestall and prevent an outbreak of violence. His faith has, on the whole, been rewarded, for heroic endurance under suffering has been shown by his followers. The fact that the movement has been in the main non-violent has now been acknowledged by the Home Member on the Viceroy's Executive Council, Mr. Haig. At the same time, India is in such an unsettled state that violence has broken out, apart from the Gandhi Movement, in several inflammatory centres. But if a violent national revolution had been started, encouraged by national leaders, these sporadic outbursts would probably have been far more serious.

Among Indians themselves, there is no question whatever concerning the passive character and heroic endurance of the followers of Gandhi. They have been eyewitnesses. What has rather been in serious question has been how far the police and military forces have committed excesses of physical violence in dealing with the passive resisters. The memory is still recent of the police and military excesses in the Punjab in 1919, and public sentiment in India is extremely sensitive in this matter. While in England a chorus of praise for the conduct of the police has been raised, there has been nothing but one long continuous indignant protest in India. Seats on the Legislative Councils have been given up and titles abandoned. News of what happened in Bombay, on what was called "Black Saturday," has come through both to London and America, and it makes painful reading. But what has not yet been realized in this country is that charges equally grave have been brought against the conduct of the police in almost every province. The names of officers responsible have been given and the evidence has been collected. This matter, therefore, cannot possibly rest without further investigation.

Meanwhile, as one result of this outburst of popular indignation, a hardening of the policy of resistance has been noticeable of late. There has been remarkably little hostility towards Englishmen, as such, but at the same time a fixed determination has consciously arisen to drive the new weapon of economic boycott home in the most vulnerable place. This boycott, rigorously applied by mass public opinion, frankly hits at the pocket of the foreigner rather than his conscience. It is argued, with extreme bluntness, that the Englishman never gives way until his

pocket is touched. Thus a lower utilitarian level has been reached on both sides which differs from the higher plane of Soul Force. Perhaps this is partly due to the lassitude which always follows when a high moral altitude has been attained. The rarefied air of idealism is difficult to breathe. Yet no purely idealistic action can look for or expect immediate results.

This economic boycott, even though outwardly "non-violent," has an aspect of "war" about it. Though it may be perfectly just for India to get rid of a foreign servitude, where it has reached down to material goods, yet there are methods of doing so which are clearly retaliatory; and there is no appeal in a policy of retaliation to the conscience of the opposing nation. The appeal is frankly to fear. It is true that in India itself there is self-suffering, while bonfires are being made of foreign cloth, but the main external object in view is to appeal to the Englishman's fear of losing his trade. The strength of the boycott in this respect has been amazingly effective, especially in Bombay.

To one like myself, who had strongly approved of the earlier form of the struggle—wherein a direct and powerful appeal to the conscience of the foreigner was being made—the wish must still remain that the higher level reached in those earlier months may not be lost. Yet I have lived long enough to know that human nature, among the masses of mankind, is such a mixture of conflicting passions that it can hardly be expected that the weapons of utility will be abandoned when once their immediate power has been felt.

C. F. ANDREWS.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

"WHEN I am off your hands you will say 'Ouf!'" said Napoleon to his staff. And it is with some such inarticulate tribute, appropriate to a natural phenomenon, that one looks back upon the extraordinary life that has just closed. Ambitious youth will find an irresistible glamour in such a career, and the predominant impression left upon the mind is that of dazzling personal success. Others among his contemporaries may have risen as far and almost as fast; others have certainly left behind them work of more enduring value; but with no other was there from the beginning such a sense of inevitable triumph, such an air of taking every obstacle with contemptuous ease in his stride. Early struggles there must have been, for he started from scratch and made his own pace throughout; but those who knew him in his youth seem to recall no doubts as to his ultimate arrival either in his own mind or any other. He was born to be a brilliant advocate at the Bar and a deadly combatant in the political arena. Only at the very peak of his progress, when at an unprecedentedly early age he assumed the office of Lord Chancellor, did the enemies whom he had made with such careless profusion venture upon a whispered prophecy of failure. Here, they suggested, is a position in which no mere quickness and audacity can suffice: now, at last, he will be found out. He replied with a series of judgments worthy of the highest traditions of his illustrious predecessors. Clearly there was much more in the man than mere quickness and audacity. But because, of his own deliberate choice, those were the qualities which he constantly presented to the public gaze, it is by them that he will be remembered.

This is not the place to record the steps of his forensic progress; but from the time when he embarked upon the

uncharted sea of the Ogden litigation his position was commanding. In politics he forced his way to the front rank with his maiden speech; a speech which was not merely the sensation of a session, but is still an unapproachable tradition. Maiden speakers come and go, but the highest tribute that any can hope to win is, "Ah, but you should have heard F. E."

That speech did much to shape its author's career. It was not only a great stride on his conquering way; it foreshadowed and governed the future route. Starting with a masterpiece of sarcasm and invective he became supreme in that sphere, the greatest wielder of the scourge in British politics. It is permissible to imagine that a different and less sensational beginning might have made him a more potent influence in our history. As it was he developed into a joustier rather than a general, and, though he remained loyal to Conservatism in good times and in bad throughout his life, it is difficult to credit him with any instinctive enthusiasm for the banner under which he served or any natural sympathy with the majority of his colleagues. The one Tory movement which inevitably recalls his name, and that in an almost comic manner, is the Carson Ulster Campaign, and it is the supreme irony of his life that "Galloper Smith" should have been destined to play so large a part in the conclusion of the Irish Treaty. How great that part was Mr. Lloyd George alone could tell: it was the one enduring political achievement of his life, and within the ranks of his own party it has never been forgiven him.

In later days he maintained in the House of Lords a debating supremacy easier but even greater than he had won in the Commons, and the rumour that he was to speak was always enough to fill the red benches with an unwonted throng and even to bring proud plebeians flocking along the corridor. They came as to a show, and were never disappointed. And it is perhaps the nemesis of that special kind of brilliance that it is appreciated critically rather than humanly and moves to mirth or wonder rather than to enthusiasm or even resentment. Command of language such as his is given to few, but men of far weaker gifts could stir the heart more profoundly. After his brightest efforts the natural comment even among his victims would be, "Have you heard F. E.'s latest?" It may be the penalty of those who pass very swiftly over the roads of life that they lose power over trudging wayfarers. For him the world was a place of "prizes for sharp swords to conquer," and, when all the prizes had been gathered in, the sword could only rust.

Yet to depict Lord Birkenhead as a cold-hearted genius ruthlessly pushing his way to power would be misleading. Mention has been made of his enemies, and it was inevitable that in such a galloping career some should be thrust painfully to the wall, and that the shafts of his wit, so widely and impartially distributed, should in some cases stick and rankle. But on the other hand, he formed lasting friendships nourished by deeper qualities in his own nature than the public was permitted to see, and his personal loyalty was a rock to build upon. It is pleasant to remember how he came with boyish enthusiasm to the support of Lord Oxford's candidature for the Chancellorship of their University, and how he faithfully supported the crumbling Coalition to the furthest point that his service would avail. These were amongst his rare failures, but they may outweigh in value his best success. Let him be remembered as a great fighter and a loyal friend.

ERIMUS.

RUSSIA'S NEW REVOLUTION

IT is a common assumption that in Moscow and Leningrad one sees only the gilded edges of the Russian picture: that only away from the main towns can one glimpse less superficial and less pleasing touches about Bolshevik Russia. Confined to the beaten paths the casual visitor, still more the "conducted" visitor, inevitably receives a falsely rosy view. Five years ago this assumption was doubtless correct. But to-day I question whether the precise converse is not actually the truth. In the chief cities a first glance brings to light a distinct worsening of conditions compared with a year and a half ago. The category of rationed articles has widened to war-time dimensions; and, even so, supplies of essential articles such as butter and tea and sugar are alarmingly scarce. Eggs and milk and fruit can be bought from peddlers in the street, but at extortionate prices, which have doubled or trebled during the summer months. Temporary shortages of meat and vegetables, even complete disappearance, periodically occur; boots are unobtainable except on a special card from one's place of work; and when a line of goods—wine or clothes or furniture—appears in a shop, a queue speedily gathers and the stock probably disappears within a few hours. (A large new universal store in Moscow recently had a notice on its doors: "Beds only.") As symptom of the definite (even if not excessive) degree of credit-inflation which has taken place recently (combined both with control of prices in State stores and co-operatives and with peasant hoarding of coin), there is universally a small-change famine—greatest in the south and least in Leningrad; while in the Ukraine for a time banks actually refused to cash cheques owing to a shortage of notes. The noisy campaign in recent years against the traditional bureaucracy of Russian institutions, while it had probably achieved some considerable results in industry, seems to have left no healing influence on the employees in shops or offices or hotels with whom the foreign visitor comes in contact. To the ordinary tourist this summer Russia has presented all the signs of a country in a severe economic crisis, heading for a serious *impasse*.

Only when one penetrates a little deeper, passes from the large cities into the provinces and the countryside, does one begin to get another side to the picture. Only then do the symptoms of crisis, glimpsed in an altered perspective, gain a less catastrophic aspect.

A wider search brings to light two striking facts: that the amount of constructional work in progress (compared with available resources) is nothing short of phenomenal; and that in the countryside a whole agricultural revolution has taken place within twelve months. It is not in the centre of Moscow, but on the outskirts, that the new suburbs of flats, new factories and clubs and workers' restaurants are chiefly in evidence. There is less building of all kinds to be seen in Leningrad than in Moscow, and less in both than in many districts in the south. Only if one goes by road does one see the new motor-roads which are connecting Moscow with Leningrad and with Nijni-Novgorod; and one needs to travel in Asia to see the newly opened one-thousand-mile Turksib railway or the Turkestan cotton-irrigation schemes. It is not in the north-west provinces that the agricultural changes are noticeable, but in the grain-growing regions of the Ukraine, the Volga, or beyond the Urals, or on the virgin steppes of North Caucasus or Kazakstan. I believe that Russia to-day is devoting to capital investment at least a quarter, and possibly nearly a third, of her national income—a phenomenal amount when one remembers that the pre-war national income per head was barely a quarter that of our own. And this is no mere

paper figure. In Stalingrad, for instance, within two years, there has been constructed a new tractor plant of ten thousand workers and an output capacity of fifty thousand tractors a year, equipped with the most modern American conveyor-equipment. South of the town, among the sandhills on the right bank of the Volga, a 50,000 kilowatt electric station, started a year ago, is approaching completion, within a year or two to be the nucleus of a new town of chemical factories of some one hundred thousand inhabitants. At Rostov-on-Don one can see the famous Selmashtroi, a new agricultural machinery plant, employing nine thousand workers and covering three hundred acres of ground; on the Dnieper rapids, the famous half-mile-wide Dniefrostroi dam-scheme; the new automobile plant springing up outside Nijni-Novgorod, with its new "Socialist city" of fifty thousand inhabitants and its estimated output-capacity of one hundred thousand cars a year. Such instances could be multiplied to several pages, if one were to travel in Russia for a longer time.

In the grain areas of the south one still sees the scattered peasant "strips"; one still sees the bent backs of women harvesting with sickles and binding by hand in the scorching sun; one still sees them in the village winnowing with hand-flails on a Biblical threshing-floor and throwing the chaff into the wind. But what is peculiarly striking is the large area which within the period of a single harvest has been amalgamated into large fields, considerably vaster than one is used to see in England. What can hardly be imagined until they have been seen are the new State farms such as the famous *Gigant* in North Caucasus (a large, but by no means an isolated, example), ploughing some 250,000 acres of virgin steppe with 300 tractors; in extent as large as an English county; its single fields, worked entirely by machinery, stretching as far as the eye can see.

In the early months of the year, it is true, a large part of this "collectivization" of peasant holdings was a matter of paper figures; and when in the spring, following Stalin's classic letter, coercive methods were sternly abjured in the formation of collective farms, crowds of peasants reverted to their individual property and their scattered strips. But since then the collectivization movement seems definitely to have been stabilized, and in many areas to be on the upward march again; and already a quarter of the peasant households are organized in "collectives," and a half of the marketed grain surplus this year comes from State and collective farms; whereas a year ago the larger of these two figures was not above 12 per cent.

It is scarcely surprising that an economic revolution of this magnitude should provoke those symptoms of stringency, so reminiscent of war-time, which the foreign visitor views with such distaste. The essence of these difficulties which are so evident on the surface consists in the so-called "goods famine" and in the shortage of equipment of every kind. Retail stocks do not suffice to meet the clamour of the populace; restaurants, tramcars, trains, housing accommodation, office equipment, furniture are inadequate to meet the demand. These symptoms are connected with the economic revolution which is in process in a number of ways. First and most obvious, the diversion of a quarter to a third of Russia's annual resources to capital purposes means that labour and materials are being devoted to the production of power-stations and factories rather than to the increase of leather and textile goods. Moreover, a considerable proportion of these are being devoted to constructional work in heavy industry, not in light industry, and hence to work which will only yield fruit in an increased supply of consumable goods after a considerable interval of time. With regard to foreign trade,

import of foreign manufactures is drastically curtailed in order to give preference to constructional equipment and essential raw materials, while, to pay for the latter, as much of her produce as is available and suitable is exported abroad. The tobacco, matches, sweetmeats, linen goods available in Russia to-day are of distinctly inferior quality because factories are busy in producing all the better quality grades of such products for export. Dairy produce is scarce largely because it has been exported to achieve a favourable trade balance; while the Soviet Government prefers to devote the results of this year's good harvest to export rather than relax the system of bread-rationing in the towns. True, the successes of the first two years of the Five-Year Plan are leading to a certain easing of this "stinting": the Russian Government is already importing a certain quantity of boots to meet the leather-goods famine; next year it intends to shift the relative (though not the absolute) amount of her capital investments in favour of the lighter finishing trades. But till 1933, at least, the programme of maximum industrialization is likely to be pushed to the limits of endurance. It is an unexpected answer to the academic economists' query: "Will a Socialist State be capable of solving the problem of saving?"

As an important contributory factor, the very nature of the agricultural changes through which Russia has been passing is responsible for the shortage of agricultural goods. The disappearance of the old landlords' estates, producing for market, and the levelling of holdings in the village to the norm of the ten or twelve-acre farm has had a drastic effect in curtailing the surplus available for market, particularly in the case of grain; and hitherto the campaign to clip the wings—even to "exterminate as an independent class"—the *kulak*, or rich peasant, has proceeded faster than the growth of collective and State farms to supplant him as a producer for the market. Moreover, the opposition of the peasantry to the "drive" for collective agriculture assumed its most dangerous form last winter in a wholesale slaughtering of cattle, which will show its reaction on the meat market for fully another twelve months. Added to all this is the effect of the greatly expanded constructional work, of the continuous-working, five-day week and the multiple-shift system, in drawing a large additional number of workers into industry (unemployment in Moscow to-day appears almost to be non-existent save among clerks and officials and totally unqualified workers), and so in augmenting the wages-bill and the purchasing power of the population. As the economist would put it, the queue-system and the foods-famine are symptoms of a shortage of "real circulating capital" to finance the abnormally large amount of constructional work.

In its unique importance the revolution which is in process in Russia to-day seems second only to October, 1917, itself. In some ways it is, perhaps, more fundamental. Within the last two months people have repeatedly said to me: "To-day life is hard because we are in the middle of the struggle. Come back at the end of the Five-Year Plan: then you will see the fruits." If one can fully sense the significance of this struggle, I believe there emerges from the turmoil of contemporary Russia—from the dust and the queues and the squalor and the confusion—a new historical pattern. And if this pattern be anything more than illusion, this year and the next in Russia may well be found to constitute one of the tallest landmarks in history.

MAURICE DOBB.

"OFF WITH HIS HEAD"

"Heads must roll in the sand, either ours or other people's."—Herr Hitler.

ALTHOUGH I'd die for freedom's sake,
Dictators, burly, bluff and breezy,
Excite my envy, since they make
All complex problems look so easy.
To show themselves beloved and prized,
To keep such plagues as "Whites" and "Reds" off,
To get exchanges stabilized,
One general method they've devised—
A simple policy of "Heads off!"

To prove Fascismo's moral force
Or lure Don Bradman into "swiping,"
Make streams run backwards to their source
And Croats dance to Serbian piping,
Might puzzle folk like you and me
Who know a stymie when we find it;
To them 'tis plain as A, B, C—
They simply issue a decree
With lots of penalties behind it.

When headstrong Hitler set his hands
To safeguard—through repudiation
Of her pledged word—the Fatherland's
Finances, peace, and reputation,
What vision fired his fervent soul
To undertake so high a calling?
A reign of terror was his goal,
And dictatorial control,
And heads among the sawdust falling.

Dull members of the bourgeois bloc,
Believers in the League of Nations,
May read with something of a shock
The Leipzig trial's revelations;
Yet, since he knows no better way
To keep his following staunch and steady,
Why should it worry them? For they
May keep their heads for many a day—
While Hitler's lost his head already.

MACFLECKNOE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. MURRY EDITS KEATS

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. Blunden persists in his criticisms. But I am also glad, for without his letter I should never have been able to understand them.

I maintain that the text of the poems which I give in my edition is the best possible text, being based on a careful collation of the three volumes of Keats's poems printed in his lifetime, volumes of which he read and passed the proofs. For the rest—the posthumous poems—I have used the best sources available: manuscripts and authorized transcripts where possible.

Mr. Blunden's criticisms are based on a denial that the text of the 1820 volume is authoritative. He now makes this assertion plainly. He now asserts that Keats did not read the proofs of the 1820 volume, and that the onus of proving that he did is upon me. I never dreamed that it needed to be proved, to Mr. Blunden of all people. But, obviously, Mr. Blunden has never read Keats's letter to Taylor of June 11th, 1820. It begins:—

"In reading over the proof of 'St. Agnes Eve' since I left Fleet Street I was struck with what appears to me an alteration in the seventh stanza very much for the worse. . ."

"Is Mr. Murry right, or is Keats right, about those proofs?" Mr. Blunden asks. The answer is that Keats is right, and Mr. Murry is right, and Mr. Blunden wrong; and that Mr. Blunden has no excuse for being wrong, and still less excuse for making his ignorance the basis of a sweeping attack on the text which I have printed in my edition, and for which, of course, I take full responsibility.

Once grant that the text of the 1820 volume is authorita-

tive for all the poems it contains, and nearly every one of Mr. Blunden's criticisms becomes irrelevant. The fact that Mr. Blunden was not aware that the 1820 volume is authoritative is interesting, and to me surprising, but hardly more. But it explains much of his impatience with my volumes.

In so far as that impatience had its origin in the terms of a prospectus, of which I was totally ignorant until Mr. Blunden quoted sentences of it in his letter, it is explicable. But to allow impatience or disappointment to lead him into an attack based almost solely upon ignorance of a matter essential to be grasped by any editor of Keats's poems, and any critic of an edition of Keats's poems, is so unexpected in a critic of Mr. Blunden's proven integrity, that I confess I was nonplussed by it.

In casting about for the cause of this strange aberration, I seem to find it indicated by the rather unnecessary sneer at other work of mine on Keats which Mr. Blunden permits himself in paragraph No. 3 of his letter. There he implies that I have made of Keats "a pet-lamb in a metabiological farce." I conclude that Mr. Blunden, though he has not really read it, is irritated by some of my writing on Keats. I am sorry; it can't be helped. But he ought not to have allowed his irritation to blind him to the fact that there is (or was) a very real problem concerning the dating of "The Fall of Hyperion." He still denies it. He still maintains his former assertion that Charles Brown's statement that at the end of 1819 Keats "was deeply engaged in remodelling the fragment of 'Hyperion' into a vision" is one that "left very little room for error" in dating "The Fall of Hyperion."

That statement of Brown's implied that "The Fall of Hyperion" was written between the end of October and the end of December, 1819. And this date was generally accepted until, in 1921, Miss Lowell published the missing letter of Keats to Woodhouse of September 22nd, 1819, which, as Sir Sidney Colvin quickly showed, proved that "The Fall of Hyperion" was being written in July and August, 1819, and was finally abandoned in September. Four or five months is not "very little room for error" in the case of a poet whose poetical life was a bare five years. It is perverse to suggest, as Mr. Blunden does, that Brown's dating still holds good, and that "the rest is conjectural." Brown's dating was wrong, and has been *proved* to be wrong. The question between Mr. Blunden and myself is simply one of fact. And on the point of fact he is wrong, just as he is wrong about Keats and the proofs of the 1820 volume. And I think Mr. Blunden ought to admit openly, in both cases, that he is wrong; and to withdraw all criticism of my text based on the assumption that the 1820 volume is not authoritative.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

South Acre, Yateley, Hants.
September 27th, 1930.

[Mr. Blunden writes: "My criticisms of Mr. Murry's edition of Keats are not based on any question of the text of Keats's 1820 volume, though that comes in; they are based on such matters as the unexplained discrepancies between his second text of 'La Belle Dame' (for instance) and that which Keats printed in 'The Indicator,' and on the general vagueness of the editor on the sources of his text; on the ineffectiveness of his 'collation,' and on the gulf between the claims set forth in the Prospectus and the actual utility and soundness of Mr. Murry's edition as compared with other modern ones. Mr. Murry has now disclaimed the Prospectus; but, to those who will have purchased his volumes with the Prospectus in mind, that is rather cold comfort. Who could have guessed that it was all a fairy-tale? In any case, he talks of fresh collation in his Preface, and the result is next to nothing.

"Mr. Murry shows confidence in asserting that I have not 'really' read this or that. I know, in spite of his second sight, the letter from Keats to Taylor which he brings forward; it does *not* prove that Keats 'read and passed his proofs'—it is the letter of one who is indeed leaving the minutiae to others, but who sees something which should especially be attended to; and it does show that someone at Taylor's office made alterations in Keats's text. In the one poem, 'St. Agnes Eve,' Keats has detected them. Mean-

while, will Mr. Murry explain away the other documents I quoted?

"I probably make mistakes enough among the many points which the scholar of Keats has to bear in mind. But some things have long impressed themselves on my mind, and one is that the 1820 volume was prepared when Keats was too ill to control it. Another is that the contents of the 1820 volume make a fraction of the entire work of Keats, and even if Mr. Murry had not blundered about the textual authority of that volume (I do not think I have), I should have to express my disappointment with Mr. Murry's handling of the whole. I did not express it in the 'sweeping attack'—bless us, this from Mr. Murry!—without giving reasons, and I adhere to it and to them."]

HOUSING SYSTEM IN DUTCH TOWNS

SIR,—Miss Barbara Bliss's account of the housing system for undesirable tenants adopted by some Dutch towns is not the first I have read in English papers of that interesting experiment. It amused me to see that she, like all the other commentators, is full of admiration, but nevertheless perfectly convinced that such a scheme cannot possibly suit the free-born Englishman. "Paternal government of this kind is not compatible with the British temper."

The implication is, of course, that the Dutch, being Continentals, are lacking in that stubborn independence, that innate love of liberty which we all know distinguishes the inhabitants of this island. I do not intend to pronounce upon the comparative natures of the Dutchman and the Englishman after a disquisition on their respective histories and social arrangements. I only want to assure Miss Bliss and her readers that to the most cherished convictions of the Dutchman—no less than of the Englishman—belongs the belief that there is not on earth a nation more individualistic in its temper, more impatient of rules and regulations, than his own; in fact, he is rather inclined to look upon himself as a terrible fellow for insubordination and lack of respect.

This brings me to a suggestion which I dare only offer in the form of a question. Might not this readiness to assume that these paternal, "or aunty," régimes are too servile for the British be the trick of an unconscious aversion from novel experiments?—Yours, &c.,

P. GEYL.

58, Circus Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

INDIA'S REAL PROBLEMS

SIR,—Will you permit me to answer some of Mr. Edinger's questions in his letter published in your latest issue? He asks, what is the extent of education work in India as the result of voluntary effort? In the first place, the average income in India is £8 per head per annum, as against £100 in Britain; the possibilities of voluntary effort in any direction are therefore extremely limited. Nevertheless, if Mr. Edinger will read the reports of the Provincial Governments on Village Panchayats, he will find that these institutions have done a very great deal for education in the villages; the Hindu University at Benares and the M.A.O. University at Aligarh are largely the result of voluntary effort. A considerable number of our young men are maintained, through their schools and universities, by private generosity.

The same consideration, the extreme poverty of the people (see the Simon Report, Vol. II., chapter on Indian Finance), applies also to public health—which is distinct from medical relief. Mr. Edinger wants to know "what India has done in this line." In most of our big cities there are hospitals which owe their existence to the generosity of private individuals; Bombay affords perhaps the most remarkable instance of this. He refers to British custom in this respect. But is it not also British custom to spend millions of pounds on housing schemes and health services?

It is not an answer to us in British India that many of the Indian States spend even less on education and public health. The criticism does not apply to some of the southern States like Travancore and Cochin. But if the people of

the States, who number about 70 millions, had political power, as their conferences have been demanding, they would not be satisfied with any standards lower than our own.

Mr. Edinger wants to know by how much I would reduce the Army. The Meston Committee reckoned military expenditure ten years ago in the neighbourhood of 40 crores of rupees (a crore is roughly £750,000); the Inchcape Committee on Retrenchment suggested 50 crores as the maximum, though even this, it added, would be too much for India to pay. But our expenditure to-day is 55 crores. As the Simon Report says, economically "it is the most burdensome form of expenditure"; and it points out that much of it is due to the presence of British troops.

Of course, we enjoy the blessing of law and order. But the cost is a trifle high when it means illiteracy, starvation, and an appalling mortality. Personally I would pay a much smaller bill for insurance against possible disorder; an enlightened and healthy population would, in my opinion, be very much the better way.—Yours, &c.,

B. SHIVA RAO.

100, St. Ermin's, Westminster, S.W.1.
September 22nd, 1930.

MATERNAL MORTALITY

SIR,—Piecemeal consideration has for so long been the lot of medical education that it was disappointing but hardly surprising to discover in your article on Maternal Mortality, published a few weeks ago, nothing more than the usual recommendation in reference to it, *i.e.*, that the students training in midwifery should be improved. Now I am far from holding that this training is satisfactory. On the other hand, the medical curriculum is already over long, and, if the many branches of medicine are not merely to compete with one another for adequate treatment, far more thorough-going changes than indiscriminate expansion will have to be undertaken. With your permission I should like to make various suggestions which have occurred to me during my own training.

The problems spring from the comprehensive nature of the physician's task. Medicine to-day has come to embrace so vast a body of knowledge, with such diverse and rapidly developing techniques, that it has long since become impossible for any one man to be qualified in all of them. Yet this is still the pathetic ambition of the British Medical Course. In its attempt to remain comprehensive, old courses are expanded and new courses patched on to the aged framework, so that the student finds himself learning a medley of remotely connected subjects, and expected later to be able to deal with every possible ailment. Such qualification proves not only a farce but a menace, for his legal powers hopelessly outstrip his technical ability. He is "qualified" to operate, to extract teeth, to deliver mothers of babies, to psycho-analyze, to treat measles and hysteria, appendicitis and rheumatism, and even certify insanity and give expert evidence in courts of law. It would need an exceptional man to perform a half of these functions satisfactorily, yet the stupidest young doctor is legally entitled to try the lot.

It is clear, then, that no improvement is coming from a blind insistence on better training in this branch or longer training in that. A new framework is required, a framework which evidently must involve specialization in one form or another. Now medical practice, and therefore training, falls into two easily defined sections—diagnosis and treatment. Whereas the former varies but little over a number of years, treatment advances by rapid strides in ever-varying directions. What a man learns as a student is often useless to him as a practitioner, and it is usually as much as any intelligent doctor can do to keep abreast of the times in one particular branch alone. Diagnosis, on the other hand, once learnt need never grow obsolete; and it is obviously an essential procedure before any course of treatment can be decided upon. Indeed no practitioner is *safe* unless he be an expert diagnostician, and it can be laid down at once that, before any specialization can be resorted to, diagnosis must be studied by all students. No type of disease, physical or psychological, should be omitted, and a very high

standard in the principles of pathology and clinical examination should be insisted upon.

Specialization could then safely follow, with its inevitable danger—faddism—reduced to a minimum, for all the different factors causing disease would have been studied and the throat specialist be aware, for instance, that the mind as well as tonsils is sometimes the seat of disease.

How these varying forms of treatment could best be split up for specializing purposes is best left to the experts to decide, but it may be worth while giving examples of what, so far as I am aware, is still an unexamined plan.

(1) *General Practice*.—Proficiency in the treatment of all common disorders would be required, but no special technique except midwifery.

(2) *Surgery*.—A special degree in surgery would be necessary for the performance of all major operations. Details of empirical medical remedies would be omitted from this section.

(3) *Psychotherapy*.—This degree would be similar to the present D.P.M. Only holders of it would be qualified to certify insanity.

(4) *Dental Surgery*.—This department of technique is already successfully split off in close accordance with the present plan.

Just as a driving licence confers power to drive motors only and neither aeroplanes nor trains, so would these degrees limit a man's activities to that section of treatment which he had studied.

Only by some drastic reorganization such as this, I believe, will it be possible to produce a more efficient profession and protect the public from the pseudo-qualified practitioner.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BOWLBY.

21, Amptill Square, London, N.W.1.

SIR,—As I am travelling abroad, it is impossible for me to consult my notes in order to reply to Mrs. E. Hubback's letter of September 13th. But according to my statistics, taken from Government papers, the death-rate from childbirth (*and allied causes*) has increased much more than the 8 per cent. or so which she quotes.

There is plenty of medical evidence to show that the industrialization of large masses of women is highly injurious to their efficiency as mothers. (Home agriculture, as carried on in Italy, is quite another thing, and is an ancient feminine calling—cf. Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labour.")

If Mrs. Hubback does not think the modern woman is in any way "masculinized," she must be almost alone in such an opinion!—Yours, &c.,

MEYRICK BOOTH.

Harzburg.

September 26th, 1930.

LIBERAL POLICY

SIR,—After reading Mr. James B. Baillie's letter, one wonders what he expects to achieve by his concatenation of high-sounding but empty phrases. Thus: "those entrusted with the high responsibility of guarding the honoured traditions of Liberalism should reassure the rank and file of the Party by fearlessly proclaiming their political beliefs and giving sound reasons for the faith that is in them."

What are these political beliefs? Let Mr. Baillie tell us with some precision what should be the policy of the Party regarding some of "the present discontents."

Take Protection first. Will Liberal voters continue to be affrighted by a mere name, or are they capable of asking fairly whether or not an abandonment of the Free Trade "principle" would restore many drooping industries, and diminish unemployment?

Then there is agriculture. Farming is rapidly becoming impossible in this country, which is a dire misfortune. Why not leave general principles alone for a time and suggest a practical scheme to help the farmer?

One of the gravest of our "discontents" at present is the scandalous abuse of the dole. It is surely not beyond the competence of the Liberal Party to offer practical legislation which would prevent able-bodied men and women from deliberately accepting and then rejecting jobs for the express purpose of becoming paid loafers, without in any

way penalizing the genuinely workless. A policy boldly devised to scotch the dole harpies might well give the Liberal Party a majority over the other two combined.

Lastly, what of our insane Electoral Law, whereby hordes of uneducated boys and girls are able to return (in some constituencies) members whose appropriate rostrum would be a soap box in a back street? If the present Franchise constitutes a national scandal, it would surely accord with the moral principles which Mr. Baillie advocates, to say so and demand a revision. Were the Liberal Party to do this, one can hear in imagination the political groans and cat-calls which would follow. The Conservatives would be enraged at being forestalled in remedying their own blunder, while the prospective loss of faggot votes would provoke the Socialist fury. It is, however, too much to hope that the Liberal Party will essay this task. It is one of their "honoured traditions" that Electoral Reform means increasing more and more the number of heads to be counted, and no man can be so obtusely conservative as the average Liberal.

Here is a programme which will restore the fortunes of the Party:—

1. Protective tariffs intelligently applied.
2. Substantial help for Agriculture.
3. Drastic revision of Unemployment Insurance.
4. Electoral Reform designed to secure the assured predominance of the income tax payer.—Yours, &c.,

THEODORE D. LOWE.

Caldwell Road, West Kilbride.
September 21st, 1930.

THE NEXT WAR

SIR,—Dr. Tibor Eckhart, the Vice-President of the Hungarian Frontier Readjustment League, writing in the SUNDAY DISPATCH to-day, alleges that the next war, to take place in 1937, will originate in Jugoslavia.

This article appears soon after the same Press has espoused the cause of Hitlerism in Germany, and following many months of propaganda on behalf of Hungarian revisionism and Italian Fascism.

It does not seem to me to be fair to let pass, without challenge or criticism, this attempt on the part of the disrupters of peace to pin the blame on a country which is giving no sort of provocation whatever to its neighbours. Particularly do I feel some sort of democratic protest to be necessary in view of the fact that at the very moment that reactionary Hungary, which is Fascist Italy's protégé, is accusing Jugoslavia of war-like intentions, Fascist Italy is pursuing a policy designed to provoke Jugoslavia.

The effect of this propaganda may in the long run be very dangerous.—Yours, &c.,

J. MAHONEY-SHEA LAWLER.

7, Stanhope Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1.
September 28th, 1930.

SLUMS AND CATHEDRALS

SIR,—A morning paper informs us that Herr Michael Rosenauer, the famous Austrian architect is over here on professional business. He has been visiting our British slums, and asserts, probably quite rightly, that ours are the worst in the world. The slum conditions of Liverpool he singles out for very special denunciation.

A huge Catholic (Roman Catholic) cathedral is being built in Liverpool. This seems to me all wrong. The heads of all our religious denominations have declared time and again that *slums constitute one of the main causes of vice* and of moral and physical degradation. Why, therefore, do our Catholic bishops encourage the erection of this tremendous and very expensive building when the money could be so much better spent in slum clearances and decent housing schemes for the poor, with the resultant increase in physical well-being and moral improvement?

One of the very worst slum areas in Liverpool is the Scotland Road neighbourhood, which is very largely an Irish Catholic district.—Yours, &c.,

"TOURNEBROCHE."

September 29th, 1930.

THE SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE

THE recent discovery of the skull of a Chinese Caliban, to whom Science has assigned the name of Peking Man, has excited not only anthropologists and philosophically minded bishops, but plain men. The Bishop of Birmingham, a distinguished mathematician and the only Fellow of the Royal Society on the episcopal bench, preached a sermon at Manchester Cathedral on March 2nd as to the effect of such discoveries on theological belief. The Bishop is reported as having said that "many were perplexed as to how it was possible, in the light of our growing certainty as to man's animal origin, to believe that the soul of men is immortal. People were asking, at what stage of our evolution did the soul within us become worthy of eternal life? Must we too perish absolutely at death as did the animals from which we had sprung?" The Bishop proceeded to base the reasonable expectation of immortality on the dawn of moral consciousness: "with the beginning of moral consciousness," he said, "man made the step which decisively separated him from all other animals upon earth," and again "when in the ape growing to the stature of man there first appeared a faint understanding of the moral law, at that moment a something worthy of eternal life was born in him. Then the process of soul-making began: the animal began to put on humanity."

This most stimulating sermon by the Bishop of Birmingham provoked an even more stimulating letter to the TIMES of March 5th from a Lord of Appeal, Lord Wrenbury. Lord Wrenbury at once questions the Bishop's assumption that animals perish absolutely at death, argues that there are no hard lines of demarcation in nature, and pleads for the high probability that "when the spirit leaves the natural body it falls into the universal body of spirit, and, either as a personal item or as a constituent of one great whole, is immortal and will go on through millions of years to higher and higher development."

It would almost certainly be no exaggeration to say that many of the greatest philosophers and very many, if not all the poets would be found on the side of Lord Wrenbury in this matter, and not on the side of the Bishop of Birmingham. It is true that it would seem that the Christian Church on its dogmatic and theological side* has been mainly, if not wholly, pre-occupied with man, and it is not a little odd that this conventional and traditional attitude of mind should be followed by the Bishop of Birmingham. But if theology and dogma have been obsessed by the soul of man, it is a comfort to recall that the lives of the Saints have been a perpetual memorial of the unity of created things, and of Him who placed the loveliness of lilies above the glory of Solomon.

It is sufficient to refer to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls enshrined in the earliest religions, and in much of the philosophy of all the ages, to show how deeply rooted is one aspect of the belief that there is no hard and fast dividing line between man and the animal creation. But despite the assertion of Hume, that this belief is the only doctrine of the kind worthy of attention by a philosopher, it is not necessary to pursue this line of thought which, perhaps, has not much in common with the ideas of our day. It is more to the purpose to consider how strongly the wider plea of Lord Wrenbury has been emphasized in Poetry. There is much to be said for the view, paradoxical

* "The animal world, being altogether external to the scheme of redemption, was regarded as beyond the range of duty, and the belief that we have any kind of obligation to its members has never been inculcated—has never, I believe, been admitted—by Catholic theologians."—Lecky, "History of European Morals," Vol. 2, page 178. On the other hand, Lecky pays fitting tribute to the moral effect of the lives of the Saints, and the beautiful animal legends connected with them.

though it may appear, that the doctrines of science and philosophy should not be accepted unless they have been either anticipated or endorsed by the poets. And it is especially interesting to find that the belief in the unity of nature was most widely held and most perfectly expressed in the age of reason, in that century of calm intellect which begins with Pope and ends with Wordsworth.

Here is Pope writing just about two hundred years before Lord Wrenbury's letter in the *TIMES* :—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

Pope's "Essay on Man"—from which the above lines come—appeared in 1732, and much about the same time the author of the "Seasons" was pre-occupied with the same idea, approaching it from the angle of what one may shortly call the notion of divine evolution :—

"Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organized
Waiting the vital breath when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow."

Everywhere, for Thomson, are the unseen people, the myriad microbes of the stream and of the air : it is well that they escape our grosser vision ; man could hardly bear to live if he realized the "worlds in worlds inclosed." Here on the earth we are still in "this infancy of being," but we rise with the rising mind, and one day shall know as we are known.

Whether Pope and Thomson are giving poetical expression to the ideas of Locke, or are harking back fifteen centuries to the doctrines of Plotinus, is not certain : Locke was near to them—he died in 1704—but Plotinus had been made accessible through the seventeenth-century Cambridge Platonist, Cudworth. Locke's theory is succinctly stated in his great work "On the Understanding" (Book III., c. 6) :

"That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms or gaps. All quite down from us the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things that in each remove differ very little one from the other."

Plotinus represents the world as saying—I quote from Dean Inge's "Philosophy of Plotinus" :—

"It was God who made me, and from His hands I came forth complete, containing within me all living beings, sufficient to myself and needing nothing, since all are in me, plants and animals, the entire nature of creatures that are born, the many gods and the multitude of daemons, and good souls, and men happy in their virtue. It is not only the earth which is rich in plants and animals of all kinds ; the power of the Soul extends also to the sun. The air and the sky are not lifeless ; there also dwell all good souls, who give life to the stars and preside over the circular revolution of the heaven, a revolution eternal and full of harmony, which imitates the movement of Spirit. . . . All the beings whom I contain within me aspire after the good, and all attain it as far as they can. On the good the whole heaven depends, and my own soul and the gods who dwell in my different parts, all animals and plants, and those beings also which are thought to have no life. . . ."

Commenting on this passage, Dean Inge points out that Plotinus goes beyond Plato, who allowed souls to animals,

but not to plants and minerals, and observes that Plato was thus involved in dividing the world into two parts, the one containing real things having Soul, and the other the things which, having no Soul, cannot be real. The Dean of St. Paul's, therefore, takes his stand with Plotinus and Spinoza in holding that "*omnia sunt diversis gradibus animata*."

But we have strayed into the company of the Philosophers, when it had been our intention to have remained in conversation only with the Poets—men, as it seems to us, so much more accessible, not to say intelligible ! Still, from Plotinus to Wordsworth there is hardly a step, for both seem to speak much the same language. In no Poet is the notion of the divine soul animating all creation more intuitively felt, or so profoundly and perfectly expressed. The magnificent confession comes immediately to the memory :—

"And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains."

To the thought thus enshrined in the "lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth constantly recurs in the unfolding beauties of his greatest work, "The Prelude."

Finally, let us pass from this high company of intellectual beings to the homely society of the Saints. For it is as well to bring all lofty things into relation with the ordinary life of humanity. Not that the lives of the Saints were ordinary, but that those who commemorated them thought of them in terms of a practical piety, linking together in the legends, by a process so natural as to seem inevitable, humble and heavenly things. In that charming world there are no narrow boundaries. It is enough to look at all things with an eye of love, and at once everything becomes possible. Nothing is unnatural or improbable. The lion slumbers by your slippers, as you write your book on a desk marvellously commodious. Above are several volumes of the Fathers bound in Nonesuch crimson leather, and on the same shelf some bottles of precious ointment, some wine also, and some water. Outside is the desert, but violets grow beside the stones, and primroses can behold bright Phoebus in his strength. Ah ! what a look St. Jerome's lion would have given the Lord Bishop of Birmingham for that suggestion that he perished absolutely at death, and then the lion would have laughed a noble, kindly laugh at so truly ridiculous an idea. No ! Things are really much simpler than they seem to scientific men. "If I could only be presented to the Emperor," said St. Francis, "I would pray him, for the love of God, and of me, to issue an edict prohibiting anyone from catching or imprisoning my sisters the larks, and ordering that all who have oxen or asses should at Christmas feed them particularly well."

In the fifteenth century there was an unknown Rhenish artist who painted a picture of Paradise : the picture, which is painted in pigments of Van Eyck-like purity and quality, may be seen in the principal gallery of Frankfurt. Birds of exquisite plumage sing upon the trees in the garden of God ; in the midst is an angel playing on a stringed instrument, and among the listeners are one or two men and women, a lizard—lying on his back, a monkey, and some flowers. "The soul's dark cottage"—the metaphor is

Waller's—is it so very dark after all? In any case the Poet goes on to say that it lets in new light “through chinks that time has made.” Four hundred thousand years, perhaps even a million, separate us from Peking man. Men, says Waller, then over eighty when he was writing his poem, become wiser “as they draw near to their eternal home.” When Peking man laid him down all those ages ago to sleep, did he think of immortality, or of the dawn of moral consciousness, or of love, or did he just shiver in the intense cold, or was he immune even from physical feeling? We do not know, but if we can believe that the entire universe of created things is animated by the eternal mind, both he and we may rest in peace. I think I can hear him murmuring to all who may be disturbed by speculations of whatsoever kind, scientific or unscientific:—

“Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again.”

JOHN BERESFORD.

MR. NOEL COWARD

Phoenix Theatre: “Private Lives.” By NOEL COWARD.

A DIVORCED couple who both remarry and arrive in adjacent double bedrooms on the first evening of their honeymoons; who fall in love again; who elope at once, leaving their new partners behind to console one another—the coincidences and the Lancers-like regularity of Mr. Noel Coward's first act promise a delicious farce. But the second act is a protracted duologue between the reunited pair. This is not Farce, it is what the author calls Intimate Comedy. If the characters were less trivial, it might be Tragedy. For it is one long quarrel, with short intervals for what the Quakers euphemistically call Mutual Endearment. Had the act lasted five minutes longer, my nerves would have cracked beneath this ghastly bickering. But evidently I am chicken-livered, for the public found it all very amusing. The Third act was a long competition in rudeness, ending like the second act in slappings. And one left the deplorably over-ornamented theatre wondering whether even in a Prep. School human beings were as childish and nasty as Mr. Coward's characters. There are, of course, brilliant scenes, touches of subtle wit, and effective pieces of “theatre.” Except for Mr. Maugham and Mr. Shaw, Mr. Coward is far the cleverest professional playwright in England. But he has no standards for his own work. He can write “Hay Fever,” “Home Chat,” and the astonishing second act of “Fallen Angels”; and he can write a play as merely popular as “Bittersweet.” Even his best plays are dominated by squabbles, and ill-breeding is to him the most comical thing in the world. It seems a pity.

Farce is not concerned with morality, and no one would dream of calling one character at the Palais Royal good and another worthless. But behind the quickness and charade spontaneity of Mr. Coward's wit, there is always a moralist in ambush. In the middle of “Private Lives” the hero suddenly begins talking quite out of character:—

“ELYOT.—Death's very laughable, such a cunning little mystery. All done with mirrors.

“AMANDA.—Darling, I believe you're talking nonsense.

“ELYOT.—So is everyone else in the long run. Let's be superficial and pity the poor Philosophers. Let's blow trumpets and squeakers, and enjoy the party as much as we can, like very small, quite idiotic school-children.

Let's savour the delight of the moment. Come and kiss me, darling, before your body rots, and worms pop in and out of your eye sockets.”

A touch of Cocteau, a touch of Donne, but the voice is the voice of the Mr. Coward who wrote “Poor Little Rich Girl.” He is constantly preoccupied with the sad life of the supertax-paying classes. If they are so rude, it is only because they are so unhappy. They do not know what they want, they are unaware of Truth and impervious to Art, their idea of science is “bull's glands,” their idea of beauty a song in 6-4 time or St. Moritz. Very sad, but is it very interesting? I suppose my heart ought to bleed with compassion every time I look at the photographs in the *TATLER*, but somehow it does not. For one thing, I have not noticed that my rich friends are noticeably unhappier than those unhandicapped with money. Moreover, if people are perfectly futile, I do not believe you can write an interesting novel or comedy about them.

Mr. Coward's trouble, if I may say so, is that he has not made up his own mind about his characters. As an author he seems to treat them with a satirist's contempt. As a producer and actor he does everything to lend them glamour, he gets lovely clothes from Mr. Molyneux, ingenious sets from Mrs. Calthrop, and engages himself and Miss Gertrude Lawrence to play the principal parts. It is quite true that the most futile rich may have nice clothes, they may even have nice flats, but they have not the humour and personality of Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence. It is impossible to be interested in Amanda and Elyot if you read the play (Heinemann, 5s.), but it is impossible not to be interested in the persons who are now playing these parts. Mr. Coward has defeated the moralist in himself by turning his gilded bugs into genuine butterflies. “Private Lives,” then, seems to me a play which only the acting makes tolerable. And in making the play tolerable, it also makes it pointless. It was delightful to see Miss Lawrence without seeing a Musical Comedy. But having achieved this, why, oh why, does Mr. Coward make her sing?

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

“The Barretts of Wimpole Street,” at the Queen's.

THIS is a postscript to lines written when Mr. Rudolf Besier's play was first produced at Malvern. In deference to certain expressed wishes a modification has been made in the stage character of Mr. Moulton Barrett, but whatever may be thought of the author's complaisance, or kindness, in altering his original conception of that unhappy figure, in the main he has detracted nothing from the value of his play. It remains a terrible indictment of a certain type of Victorian parenthood, and is consonant with the tradition. Long after this play has finished its story there are details which could be added to prove the implacable brutality of this lonely torturer. Even old Osborne was prepared to come to terms with Amelia for the possession of young George. Moulton Barrett refused to see his grandson when Mrs. Browning left him alone on the doorstep at Wimpole Street. But it is difficult to imagine how a character drawn in the vein of tragedy could excite resentment even amongst his descendants. The normal reaction to any sensitive mental outlook must be one of pity. This must be accentuated by the delicacy of Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies's acting. Her Elizabeth Barrett is a beautifully studied creation, both of author and actress. There is no need again to praise Mr. Cedric Hardwicke or the other members of an excellent cast. There is, however, a moment for regret that Mr. Rudolf Besier leaves such long intervals between his contributions to the stage. He would probably reply, like most dramatists, that that is not altogether his fault.

"The Far-off Hills," Criterion Theatre.

The Irish Players have made a fairly happy choice at the Criterion Theatre with Mr. Lennox Robinson's light comedy, "The Far-off Hills." Only "fairly" happy, because it gives opportunities for the display of no more than half the capabilities and idiosyncrasies which an Irish player, as opposed to an English one, should possess. The acting, as far as it goes, that is to say, as far as it needs to go, is excellent; but the play as a whole would lose very little if it were set in Norfolk or Cornwall instead of in Ireland, with according accents; and dialect plays must have more interesting things about them than characters with unusual names and accents before they are worth the trouble. However, for what it is, "The Far-off Hills" is a concentrated and consistent little production, eminently suited for the amusement of a not-too-critical audience which is willing to put up with a tenuous and unlikely plot, though an amusing one, and with rather too much sweetness in its working-out.

"Delilah," Prince of Wales Theatre.

Miss Edith Evans has been unfortunate with her first venture in actor-managing, for the play which she chose was withdrawn after three performances. It deserved a better fate, for its obvious possibilities ought to have made of it at least a moderate success. The part of "Delilah" is of the sort that Miss Evans has probably been wanting to appear in for a long time, and some fine moments made one think that nobody but herself could have played in it at all, let alone successfully. But she will hardly please her public in such a part so much as she has done in the past in comedy, though if she has done nothing else with her production of "Delilah," she has shown that she has dramatic capabilities of as fine an order as, though quite different from, any she has evinced before. The difficulties of such a production as this were enormous. A play must be unusually good to succeed if it is founded on a story which an audience knows as well as a nursery rhyme, and if the author of "Delilah" (H. R. Barbor) did not oversentimentalize the Bible story he at least padded unpardonably when his imagination gave out. It would almost have been better to call all the characters by different names than to interpret biblical figures in such a way—psychologically and sometimes boringly. Mr. John Longden made an impressive and noble Samson, but he had an impossible task in trying to make the first half of the second act interesting, with no opportunity of using wit, poetry, or even movement. The difficulties of the actual production were overcome well. The columns of the temple fell realistically, Samson's chains clanked, and the gatepost of Gaza dropped without bouncing. The trouble was with the play itself: it was not interesting enough.

"The Professional Lover," Gate Theatre.

At the beginning of the play the "professional lover" is trying to induce one of his victims to raise £5,000 for him. She refuses, and threatens to shoot him. He says, "Aim carefully, at the heart or between the temples." She does not shoot. At the end of the play another victim has found him out, and the same little scene is enacted; but this one shoots. And for the life of me I can see no more in the play than that. We are given a fairly thorough statement of the position with regard to victim No. 2, and how and why the professional lover is called in, and we become reasonably conversant with his methods. But the whole makes one feel that the author Ernest Vajda (the programme's spelling, as are Franz Warfel and Vera Mendel), is merely setting down the first thing that comes into his head, in the hope that with luck his audience will mistake their surprise for enjoyment of ingenuity. Mr. Godfrey will have to exercise more discretion than this if the Gate is not to go the way of the Phoenix Society and other institutions which have been ruined by becoming fashionable. Compressed into a tenth of its length, this play might make a passable revue sketch.

"Escape," at Marble Arch Pavilion.

The impression left by this talking film is that it rather diminishes than elaborates Mr. Galsworthy's play. There are, it is true, some very fine fox-hunting scenes which serve to illustrate the normal life of Captain Denant and afford an analogy between the hunted animal and the hunted man. The moment however that the hero becomes convict, as a reward for his misplaced chivalry, the film closely follows the dialogue and action of the play, only altering to abbreviate it. This, curiously, has the opposite to the effect intended. In the theatre the story of the escape never seemed to lag for a moment. On the film it seemed to be much more slowly told. This may be because we are used to greater urgency in the use of this medium. There is, however, something very attractive about Mr. Basil Dean's production. It has dignity and restraint, in achieving which virtues he has the services of a distinguished cast, amongst whom are Sir Gerald du Maurier, Miss Edna Best, Mr. Lewis Casson, and Mr. Austin Trevor. Because she portrayed the first natural English child ever seen on the "talkies," Miss Ann Casson deserves some special congratulation. The precision of her acting and the bell-like quality of her voice were a joy to watch and listen to.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, October 4th.—

Moiseiwitsch, Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Sunday, October 5th.—(Summer Time ends.)

The R.A.D.A. Players, in "Three's Company," by Mr. Gilbert Davies.

Dame Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, Song Recital, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Monday, October 6th.—

"All That Glitters," by Mr. Sydney Blow, at the Duke of York's.

Wednesday, October 8th.—

"Topaze," at the New.

Shoe and Leather Exhibition, Royal Agricultural Hall (October 8th-12th).

Thursday, October 9th.—

Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Royal Choral Society, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

Sara Allgood, "An Irish Reading," Poetry Bookshop, 6.

Friday, October 10th.—

British v. French, Tennis Tournament, Queen's Club.
"Warren Hastings," by Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger, Festival Theatre, Cambridge.

OMICRON.

FROM THE MODERN GREEK

THE YOUNG BRIDEGROOM

In the white western room that reflects the morning
A young bridegroom lies sleeping like a lamb.
His wife will not wake him with water—it might chill him;
She dare not with wine—it might make him tipsy;
So she takes a sprig of basil and strikes him on the lips:
"The sun's up, my golden one, and all the nightingales
are silent!"

TWO DISTICHS

CURSE you, plane-tree, for your leafiness—
The girls fetching water can no longer be seen.

* * *

Want me as I want you, and as I love, love me—
Or the time may come that you'll love me when I want
you no more.

WILLIAM PLOMER.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

HEWITT ON THE ALPHABET

I.B., in whom the spirit of the essay seems only to sparkle more merrily the more it is summoned to its post, has lately celebrated the centenary of Perry's Patent Pen with an excellent paper. When he said, "The nib that writes these words has Perry's name," I could not help thinking of the Greek warriors who carried their swords encircled with a myrtle spray. For, as he admitted, "the pursuing machine" has long since fought a battle even with the pen; "a victor, but some of us have never loved his look." He points out that in 1933 the centenary of the typewriter arrives. I wish he had gone on to comment on the remorseless impiety with which man involved himself in typewriters; how (as you may see at South Kensington) he even developed a thing like a piano at first in order to acknowledge "Yours of even date."

As I. B. refers to me in his essay, I may respond that I can remember a kind of man who has been eliminated—the genuine Writing Master. He could flourish a pen with all that sensuous enjoyment which the artist feels as he pencils his line. The boys collected his autograph in the same mood; it varied a little in the generosity and exquisiteness of its scrolls, and it was a proud boy whose captured specimen won the word, "That's a good one." But, after all, even this recollection belongs to the sad estate of compromise; for my Writing Master used a steel pen. He should have been made of sterner stuff, less Gillott at any rate and more goose-quill. Mr. Graily Hewitt, in his new book on "Lettering" (Seeley, Service, 15s.), exposes the metal pen to our eyes as at best only a convenient makeshift. The hinge some way from the points affects to give pliability—whereas the quill's "pliability is tapered to the point like a good fishing-rod's." Then the quill's down-strokes are clearly defined on both edges, but the steel pen's "if examined through a lens will be seen to be too frequently serrated." In short, Mr. Hewitt, who very rightly wishes that life in England were less infested by hideous Writing on the Wall, and perceives an element of the probable remedy, urges us to resume the science of the quill.

The uninitiated, the scions of Waterman, should read particularly the passage in which Mr. Hewitt discusses "Materials": should reflect how delicately the writer feels his position. The contest of turkey-quill and goose-quill is to be solved individually; but "of two tall pages the turkey-written one will go coarser towards the end than the goose-written one." And then, among the goose-quills, you will become a politician, and if you follow Mr. Hewitt you will support the left wing. "For very fine work a duck quill," for large work a swan's perhaps—but here one enters the world of the reed-pen. As for inks, Mr. Hewitt does not give his blessing to those modern ones "of a hideous blue colour" which are really iron dyes; he blames them for the poor sort of writing instruction often given to young children, and points out better mixtures. He greatly commends a recipe for black ink which he transcribes from Edward Cocker. As I do not find him equally communicative over red ink, I copy a notion from "The Young Man's Best Companion": "Take 3 Pints of stale Beer, (rather than Vinegar), and 4 Ounces of Ground Brazil Wood; simmer them together for an Hour; then strain it thro' a Flannel, and bottle it up (well stopp'd) for Use." No doubt modern beer in any stage would serve for this mixture.

But Mr. Hewitt will not be misapprehended as a sentimental antiquary. He is anything but that. "This book may be useful to those who care to study the traditional

methods of the craft as practised by a modern for modern purposes." When he attends to the question of what we should write upon, he is not afraid to observe that "there is no particular superiority, for writing, in a hand-made over a machine-made paper." He mentions the best paper he ever had—"one called I.W.N. (Double Elephant), a machine-made paper of the O.W. & A.S." Since, however, this kind has ceased to be made, we are left to our own experience and good water-marks. "Parchment is, however, incomparably preferable." Mr. Hewitt tells us where to go for that. It is a pretty theme that through all the changes of society and its demands so much of the former fineness in the manufacture of the quill-man's requisites has been able to keep alive.

Some attention has been paid in recent years to the claims of the written as against the printed book; the facsimile editions of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" and of Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens" are examples of it; for the Library of the Queen's Doll's House, many miniature volumes were penned with art. Mr. Hewitt, in his chapter of "Written Books," seems at first a little shy of the topic; for he thinks of the original manuscript work as dwelling apart, and comments that people have come to consider "the making of a single book superlatively" as "an anachronism." Then he proceeds to an apology for the MS. book and an indication of special opportunities for its being prepared. "... The confirmation service would be the appropriate gift of a god-parent. And the marriage service, containing the actual names of bride and bridegroom, the name of the church where the wedding is celebrated, and blank leaves for subsequent entries, would make a present which might easily become fashionable at St. Margaret's, Westminster." Mr. Hewitt comes to another point: "We have not yet presented a hand-made copy of his work to any poet laureate." Feeling as he does that a manuscript page, and book, is excellent for the presentation of excellent literature, I wish he went a little further. Is there any reason why ample editions should not be produced from the originals of the modern scribes, "whose script at least can compare not unfavourably with that of the fifteenth century in general"? Mr. Hewitt says that they are employed on writing window-tickets for want of "nobler commissions." Without any positive information, I should surmise that their art might be utilized considerably by publishers, in a proper relation with the economic problem, if the stencil-maker of to-day were also called in to multiply the originals. I confess that this is not the exalted vision of Mr. Hewitt's closing paragraphs.

For the problem of lettering in advertisement, Mr. Hewitt gives up the direct attack, reproving the dreamer who would "apply his miscalculated delicacy upon any and every occasion," and yet his whole book is an instrument for reducing ultimately "the hubbub of the hoardings," "the graphic bawl." All the more so because he has a strong sense of appropriateness, and can condemn even the handsomest lettering when misplaced: "Indeed the Trajan column is a new peril, and I have seen in a tailor's shop-window the ticket, IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT, rendered with all the taste and distinction of the style—which is the latest stunt of puffery. The greater the revulsion then when the refinement was recognized as connecting Bethlehem with a trouser stretcher." This again reminds me of the misplaced elegance lately imposed upon one's country walks at certain inns. The signs have been transformed into Academy paintings. One misses the former wooden white horses and dogs and ducks which belonged to the premises and the custom.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

LORD D'ABERNON AND LOCARNO

An Ambassador of Peace: Lord D'Abernon's Diary. Vol. III.—
The Years of Recovery, January, 1924-October, 1926. (Hodder
& Stoughton. 21s.)

The last volume of Lord D'Abernon's diary, which ends with his retirement from the Berlin Embassy in October, 1926, is even more interesting than the first two volumes. It is occupied mainly with Locarno and the negotiations which led up to that remarkable diplomatic transformation scene in which, in the European pantomime, the statesmen whom we had all mistaken for the most ferocious fire-breathing, bellicose dragons suddenly appeared metaphorically as white be-muslined fairies of peace. How the change was accomplished is even now something of a mystery to those who had most to do with it. One thing is, however, certain—that the chief fairy, or rather the magician who really waved the magic wand, never appeared on the Locarno stage at all. She, or rather he, sat behind the scenes talking to Herr Stresemann and Dr. Schacht and Dr. Luther, writing dispatches to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, weaving his pacific spells with the occasional and unconscious help of Mr. Augustus John over the German Government, the British Foreign Office, and far away in Paris the dragons of the Quai d'Orsay. He was Lord D'Abernon. Lord D'Abernon makes no such claim in his diary, for here, too, he remains modest and self-effacing, but in the detailed, day-to-day account of the negotiations he cannot conceal the part which he played.

He gives a great deal of the credit to the extraordinary courage and determination, the skill and intelligence of Stresemann. It is probably true that no other German statesman could or would have made the original *démarche* which led to the Locarno agreement, or, having made the original offer, could have carried through the subsequent negotiations successfully; but it is certain that Stresemann himself would never have made the original offer, and would never have persisted or succeeded, but for the firm and gentle guidance of Lord D'Abernon. A curious fact which emerges very clearly from this diary is that up to the very last moment not one of the chief actors had any confidence of success, and that during the greater part of the negotiations probably most of them would have betted heavily on failure. One cannot wonder at their pessimism and scepticism. When Stresemann made his tentative first proposal to the British Government in January, 1925, for a treaty of mutual guarantee between France and Germany, the Ruhr had only just been evacuated, and the Foreign Secretary in the British Government was an adherent to the idea of a bilateral pact between Britain and France. One must at that moment have been amazingly optimistic if one had believed that Mr. Austen Chamberlain would ever stand forward as the sponsor of the Locarno arrangement. Yet if it were not strongly supported in London, the proposal was certain to be still-born. The state of opinion in France and Germany was such that if the proposal had been immediately made public, it would have been instantly killed by the Berlin and Paris patriots. That it lived precariously for over a year and a half and was finally reared successfully as the Locarno agreement in October, 1925, may be regarded, from one point of view, as a triumph of secret diplomacy. The crux of the negotiations was, of course, the reception of the proposal in Paris, and it is still unknown what happened there when M. Herriot received the German Note. Parisian diplomacy is famous for leakiness where the importance of secrecy is concerned, and it is therefore all the more remarkable that secrecy was so effectively maintained. At any rate, it gave the necessary time for success.

Unlike most diplomatic memoirs and diaries, Lord D'Abernon's diary is thoroughly amusing. He is a skilful etcher of character; his comments are shrewd and have a kindly acidity which is often refreshing. Drinkers of sweet champagne should not read his book, but those who like a fine, dry wine will appreciate its flavour. For instance, of Mr. Hughes, the American statesman, he writes:—

"Hughes makes the impression of being pre-eminently sensible. He holds forth perhaps too much, but less than

any other American of his standing. Americans, with the notable exception of Mellon, normally and instinctively, hold forth in proportion to their fortune or position. Hughes's position in the eyes of the American public and of the world is almost of the Rockefeller standard, but he only monologues to the extent which would be justified by a fortune of a million dollars."

He has, too, a remark about experts which deserves quotation:—

"Conferences of experts always remind me of a Chinese saying, which runs: 'What one knows: to know that one knows it. What one does not know: to know that one does not know it. That is true wisdom.' It is a wisdom which most conferences of experts lack."

LEONARD WOOLF.

"POOR MRS. BECHER"

Personal Reminiscences in India and Europe of Augusta Becher, 1830-1888 Edited by H. G. RAWLINSON. (Constable. 12s.)

THE social history of the British in India is one of the liveliest of still unwritten books. The most surprising figures flit across the hot incongruous scene—Lola Montez, who, at the age of fifteen, married an officer in the Indian Army, Madame Grand who was Sir Philip Francis's mistress before she became Talleyrand's wife, and that handsome young Mr. Strachey who became the favourite of a Shah. Mrs. Becher's reminiscences are not comparable with Mrs. Fay's or Miss Eden's, still less with Hickey's. She lacked a natural turn with the pen, nor was she an interesting woman, save in so far as all human beings are interesting. When she sat down, at the age of fifty, to write her memoirs for the benefit of her children, she certainly never thought that fifty years later they would be published. But the historic sense has grown so strong that anything more than thirty years old becomes an antique which we value for its period associations. The general reader, moreover, has learnt to let his fancy play around the lives of the obscure. Grandmother Ommany, Aunt Haldimand, Uncle Manaton, Uncle Erasmus, Uncle Dolphin, Cousin Fooks, Uncle Thoby, Clarissa Larpent, Miss Klugh, and Miss Cloete all excite our curiosity, though all we hear of the last is that she was cremated at Dresden, a curious but somehow appropriate end for a Victorian spinster. Uncle Macaire, we are similarly delighted to learn, used to read Molière in a velvet skull-cap, and the author's mother-in-law reclined perpetually on a couch of which the stuffing was alive with maggots.

In the nineteenth century blood was thicker than water. Indeed, it is, I think, one of the chief differences between ourselves and the Victorians that for purposes of intimacy we choose our friends, whereas they accepted their relations. A Prinsep by birth and a Becher by marriage, Augusta lived in a clan to which service in India was a tradition—she was herself born on an East Indiaman. She called cousins with Thackeray, Lady Tennyson, the Gurneys, and the Pattles. But there was nothing exceptional about Augusta, unless it be that she never wept in church. The smell of tobacco-smoke made her faint, and she was shocked when crinolines first appeared—they showed the legs. "Speed carries the day in this age against the calmer pleasures," she writes, in 1880.

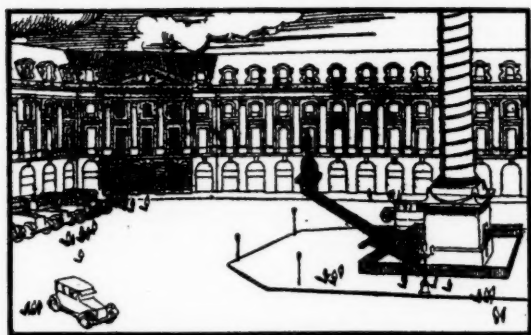
When Augusta arrived in India with her soldier bridegroom, social conditions had ceased to be easy, but life had not begun to be comfortable. It was no longer thought natural for an Englishman to marry an Indian, and Augusta was much shocked by an Englishwoman of the old school who wore, in the grilling weather, "loose clothes, no corsets or shoes." But the distresses of Anglo-Indian life were still unabated. Travelling was very slow. The camp moved twelve miles a day, six thousand human beings besides goats and sheep, and it is over nine hundred miles as the crow flies from Calcutta to Simla. Miss Emily Eden's descriptions of the discomforts she suffered on such marches are historic. And Miss Eden was the sister of the Governor-General, and certainly enjoyed privileges unknown to a subaltern's wife. Dysentery, white ants, ophthalmia, muskrats, cholera, Dacoits, boils, tigers, and bugs provided a variety of alarms. But worst of all were babies. Augusta

produced ten, five of them in the first six years of her married life. And three died in infancy. The chronicle of her struggles on their behalf is heroic—incompetent ayahs, unsuitable food, appalling climate, doctors, and drugs often unprocurable. And then these distresses were aggravated by the outbreak of the Mutiny. A terrified flight from Simla, no news of relations, then a brother-in-law killed, and finally a journey home on a crowded ship in which the struggle for life became brutal. Augusta was a brave woman, but when she reached England, her mother kept saying, "If you could only lose that scared expression!"

Compensations? First of all "My dear Hub." But he was a disappointment. He was repeatedly passed over for promotion. He had enemies, we are told, but even Augusta felt that he lacked initiative. And with the separations that journeys entailed, and bad health, and the failing of passion, the pair fell further and further apart. Augusta never had a lover, I think, and other distractions were few. She sketched a little, and modelled in clay. There were amateur theatricals. And there was an archery competition with a beautiful cameo as a prize. The picturesqueness of India made little appeal to Augusta. She regarded the Himalayas merely as a refrigerating influence upon Simla, and all she says of Benares is that the corpses caught in the steamer's paddles made a horrid smell.

From the time she sat bodkin in her grandmother's barouche, during her later travels in jampans and dandies and dooleys, until she takes her leave, covered with smuts, on the platform of the Dresden railway station, Augusta remained a nice, conventional Victorian, with a fund of emotion available for small events. "Poor Sep," "Poor Mrs. Holroyd," "Poor Mrs. Sloggette"—most of the persons who run in and out of her memory have the commiserating adjective prefixed to their names. Augusta assumed that life was a bad business, indeed, it was nothing but worries and disappointments. She very much disliked foreigners. And she had always wanted to be a clergyman's wife.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.



MONEY IN PARIS

Almost under the shadow of the Colonne Vendôme, and hard by the Opéra and the Rue de Rivoli, is the Paris office of the Westminister Foreign Bank. Whether on pleasure or business bent, English-speaking visitors are often thankful for some such centre to which they can turn for guidance and information upon exchange and banking matters. That English ways are understood here is assured by the presence of a resident English Director, Manager, and Sub-Manager, and travellers are invited to avail themselves of the help that is readily given

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Westminster Foreign Bank, 22 Place Vendôme, Paris

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN READING?

The Englishman and his Books in the Early Nineteenth Century. By AMY CRUSE. (Harrap. 17s. 6d.)

THIS is a very pleasant book of chit-chat as far as it goes, good enough in fact to make one wish that it were better. Mrs. Cruse remarks truly enough that writers depend on readers; that if it were not for the consumer, the supply of books would be scantier than it is. Therefore she looks at readers, not at writers. What were ordinary people reading during the last years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries? She begins with analyzing the subscribers to "Camilla," who were mostly members of the older generation, indifferent to the new stirrings of the human heart. (While on this subject we must regret Mrs. Cruse's serving up a vulgar error about George III.'s indifference to literature and the arts.) Miss Austen liked "Camilla," and liked people who liked it. "There are traits in her (Mrs. Fletcher's) character which are pleasing—namely, she admires 'Camilla' and drinks no cream in her tea." It is to be feared however that a good many of the younger generation repeated in more elegant language the strictures of Tom Thorpe:—

"That stupid book, written by that woman they made such a fuss about. She who married the French emigrant."

"I suppose you mean Camilla?" said Catherine.

"Yes, that's the book. Such unnatural stuff. An old man playing at see-saw! I took up the first volume and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed, I guessed what sort of stuff it must be. As soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

Who nowadays in his heart of hearts does not agree with Tom Thorpe?

In her quiet way, Miss Austen covers a lot of Mrs. Cruse's ground. Her *obiter dicta* crop up everywhere. In the big bow-wow manner, Macaulay is even more useful; there was nothing he did not like; and in intervals between racing through the classics, and absorbing the whole of modern history, he read thousands of trashy novels:—

"As an indication of the thoroughness with which this literary treasure (Santo Sebastiano) has been studied," says his sister Hannah, "there appears on the last page an elaborate computation of the number of fainting fits that occur in the course of the five volumes:—

Julia de Clifford, 11
Lady Delamore, 4
Lady Theodosia, 4
Lord Glenbrook, 2
Lord Delamore, 2
Lady Enderfield, 1
Lord Ashgrove, 1
Lord St. Orville, 1
Henry Mildmay, 1."

A single passage selected for no other reason than because it is the shortest will serve as a specimen of these catastrophes:—

"One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal now diffused itself over the face of Lord Saint Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia in a deathlike swoon."

In an amusing chapter on "The Clapham Sect," Mrs. Cruse dishes up Sir James Stephen in an appetizing fashion, young Tom Macaulay being again to the fore. Tom somehow succeeded in getting hold of the books he wanted, though he was not grateful for his parental education. "After the strictest sect of our religion," he observed later, "I was bred a pharisee." He certainly triumphed over his early training. This is all fairly familiar stuff, but one is glad to meet it again. The chapter on Wordsworth has nothing new of much interest, and one would be glad of a close season for Jeffrey. Again, when treating politics or the intellectual activities of the clever people at Cambridge in the time of Macaulay or Tennyson, Mrs. Cruse gets considerably out of her depth. She is better on the novels of the Minerva Press or the reign of those genteel governesses of the Brontë school (during the early years of the nineteenth century) who were so greatly responsible for the grotesque prudery of the age. Mrs. Cruse does not quote the characteristic bawdlerization of "Bethgellert":—

"Bad dog, thou hast my child devoured."

Though there is much amusing reading in this book, Mrs. Cruse has not gone very far afield. Much of her material is

familiar and of more modern sources. She does not seem to have found much save the lately published Journals of Crabb Robinson and Miss Clarissa Trout. A book that must be based on hints and sidelights, like this one, can only be the fine flower of terrific scholarship, and Mrs. Cruse, though well read, is not a scholar.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

HOBOS AND ADVENTURERS

My Experiences as a Miner. By COUNT ALEXANDER STENBOCK-FERMOR. (Putnam. 5s.)

Backdoor Guest. By LENNOX KERR. (Constable. 6s.)

Horizon. By KEN ATTWILL. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Misadventures of a Working Hobo in Canada. By G. H. WESTBURY. (Routledge. 6s.)

Go West—Go Wise! By MARJORIE HARRISON. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

COUNT STENBOCK-FERMOR, an aristocratic refugee, whose family lost its estate during revolutionary troubles in Russia, joined the Baltic militia at seventeen and fought against the Bolsheviks. Later he obtained a job as a "dragger" at the Thyssen mines. His book is a record of the year he spent there. He came to know the miners intimately, and was accepted by them. One of his greatest friends was a young Communist miner. He tells of the terrible period of the French occupation, the inflation of the mark and its consequences in starvation, worsened conditions, and industrial strife. Here Count Stenbock-Fermor has achieved the task of presenting sympathetically the lives and opinions of men with whom by temperament and tradition he has little in common, and he has done it by sharing their lives. We see two worlds in his book, which deserves a place in literature. He gives us pictures:—

"Now, in the bright light, I could see the miners distinctly. What a picture! Wherever one's eyes turned, coal-raven black people! Face, chest, hands were covered with a thick layer of coal dust; not a spot on the body had remained clean. We all looked like chimney sweepers, only the white apple of the eye looked ghostlike out of the dark face. . . . Who can describe the feeling of delight which seizes the miner when his tired eyes are met after long work in dark night by the first rays of the day? It is the grandest moment in the daily routine of the workmen. The dimmest eyes begin to sparkle, the most limp bodies begin to stretch themselves!"

Underground and above ground this mining life yields its secrets to the author who shares them with us. The Countess of Warwick deserves thanks for her fine translation.

"Backdoor Guest" is a lively study of a young man's wanderings in America. We read of train jumping, hobo "jungles," dance saloons and "dives," of all the vicissitudes of vagabond life. His saloon experience as a buyer and seller makes the author bitterly anti-prohibitionist. He wants people to be able to get decent drinks in a decent fashion. Sandwiched between entertaining stories of the road is a passionate plea for the improvement of conditions on board ship. He tells how on the Chicago lake steamers, better food and living conditions result in an altogether higher type of sailor. Sea writers, he tells us, have "adorned every dirty, hungry ship with a halo of romance," while:—

"Sailors actually, are fairly decent, respectable working men in need of a few of the labour reforms . . . on shore. . . . If writers had not weakly complied with the demand by glorifying every unfair hardship, seamen would not now be eating the same salt horse that was served to Nelson's heroes or living in unhealthy forecastles that are the reason why the percentage of consumptives among sailors is higher than in any other profession."

The genuine hobo, the true Wanderluster, Lennox Kerr contends, has no philosophy, he is just a drifter to whom nothing is worth while. Hobo books are written by men like himself who happen to stray among them.

"Horizon"—bound in horizon-blue with gold letters and looking like a young lady's dream of the sea—is the best antidote to romanticism about sailing ships that I have read for some time. It shows the life as utterly disgusting. Ken Attwill's seamen spend much of their time eating filth and more in using filthy language. Semi-illiterate discussions in

the fo'castle on who won the war by people who know nothing about it and obviously could not express themselves if they did, soon pall. Much of it is largely unintelligible swearing in broken English which does not reveal character, if there is any to reveal. It may appeal to effeminate dilettantes who like to wallow vicariously in "he-man" hardships. In spite of interesting chapters on Cape Horn and the Tropics, I confess I found this monotonous recital very tedious. Mr. Westbury's account of his adventures in Canada is interesting. A middle-aged man of conventional opinions, he goes out to work and live as an immigrant to see what chances there are. In spite of the number of foreigners (people not born in England or Canada) whom he cordially dislikes, he manages to get work at a variety of jobs. His book is an account—pedestrian in parts—of a courageous venture. Miss Marjorie Harrison in "Go West—Go Wise," reinforces Mr. Westbury's plea in favour of Canadian emigration. Miss Harrison writes surely and brightly. She travelled over Canada, and her keen mind lights up the scene for us.

R. M. Fox.

THE GATHERING STORM

British Documents on the Origins of the War. Vol. VI.—**The Anglo-German Tension, 1907-1912.** Edited by G. P. GOOCH and HAROLD TEMPERLEY. (H.M. Stationery Office. 17s. 6d.)

German Diplomatic Documents, 1871-1914. Vol. III.—**The Growing Antagonism.** Translated and edited by E. T. S. DUGDALE. (Methuen. 21s.)

Letters of Prince von Bülow. Translated and edited by FREDERIC WHYTE. (Hutchinson. 24s.)

Fragments of a Political Diary. By JOSEPH M. BAERNREITHER. Edited by JOSEPH REDLICH. (Macmillan. 16s.)

ONE of the most important and significant results of the progressive recovery of the world from the more immediate physical and psychological effects of the War has been the demand for publication, complete and uncensored, of the diplomatic records covering the period immediately prior to the outbreak of the War. Obedient to this demand, the Governments of the one-time belligerent States are now opening their archives to public scrutiny, to the end that not only their own nationals but also their late enemies shall be enabled to judge of the actions of those in power during the crucial period.

The publication of the British documents was decreed in 1924, Dr. Gooch and Dr. Temperley being appointed joint editors of the undertaking. Volumes I. to V. and Volume XI. of the series have already appeared, and these, together with the volume now under review (Vol. VI.), bear the unmistakable stamp of that severe "impartiality and accuracy" which were officially referred to as necessary qualifications for the work, and which one would expect to find in any work bearing the names of Gooch and Temperley on its title page. The sixth volume deals principally, to quote the editors' foreword, "with Anglo-German relations between 1907 and 1912, and occasionally with British relations with France and Russia as affected thereby. It thus covers the years during which tension increased, and deals with the most important efforts made by negotiation to relax that tension."

The principal subject of discussion was that of Naval Armaments and the possibility of agreement for their limitation. Subsidiary subjects in this volume are the Bagdad Railway and Persian questions. Morocco and Agadir, subjects of major importance in themselves, will be dealt with in a subsequent volume. Of the more important extracts in this volume, there may be mentioned the full text of Sir Edward (now Lord) Grey's speech to the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1911—an exposition of the hopes and fears of the then British Government as to the international situation: the effect of the Kaiser's remarkable letter to Lord Tweedmouth and of his notorious DAILY TELEGRAPH interview—both in the year 1908: the report by Sir Charles (now Lord) Hardinge of his discussions with the Kaiser on the subject of naval rivalry, on the occasion of the visit of King Edward to his nephew at Cronberg—also in 1908. These are only a few of the more

important extracts from the Foreign Office files published in this volume.

The publication of the German diplomatic correspondence has been contemporaneous with that of the British and the more important portions of the German counterpart of Gooch and Temperley—"Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Mächte, 1871-1914"—are being translated for the English reader by Mr. E. T. S. Dugdale. Two previous volumes have brought the publication down to the year 1898. The present volume (Vol. III.) deals with the period 1898 to 1911. By far the most important extracts are those dealing with the Anglo-German naval rivalry and those relative to Austria-Hungary and its relations with Germany and the Entente Powers, particularly as regards the Southern Slav question. The numerous documents dealing with the naval situation afford ample evidence of the fact that neither the Kaiser himself, nor the German Government, appreciated the essential point that, notwithstanding protestations of peaceful intent from Berlin, the British people could not but regard the German naval programme as a direct menace to British security. Count Metternich, the then German Ambassador in London, reports repeatedly in this strain, but is ignored by his Foreign Office and contemptuously swept aside by the Kaiser for his "false opinions." Similarly, Metternich, as far back as 1906, predicted that England would infallibly side with France in a European war: this warning was equally disregarded. The extracts dealing with the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 are in the highest degree important. Here we come upon the sinister chain of events leading directly to the crisis which produced the long-expected war; Germany gives Austria a blank cheque and Bülow leaves Aehrenthal a free hand to deal as he thinks best with the Serbian situation; the bitter feud between Isvolsky and Aehrenthal begins to have its effect on international relations; the hostility between the Southern Slavs and the Dual Monarchy becomes more and more acute, and behind this scene of unrest and intrigue there loom the figures of the Great Powers arming for the struggle.

The letters of Prince von Bülow, covering the period 1903 to 1909, extracts from a larger German work, are principally of interest to the English reader for the light they throw on the mentality of the Kaiser. They are noteworthy as having been published against the wishes of Bülow, and are therefore uncensored by him. Many of the Kaiser's letters and memoranda contain hysterical outbursts against England and against King Edward, and there are numerous references to the alleged isolation and encirclement (*einkreisung*) of Germany; above all, we see throughout evidence of the tacit assumption by the German leaders of the inevitability and imminence of the War and the consequent concentration upon naval and military power, rather than upon attempts to prevent the occasion for its use arising.

Dr. Baernreither was an Austrian lawyer and politician of liberal and progressive views, personally acquainted with all the leading men in Austria in his time. The extracts from his diary now published cover a period of some twenty years, ending just before the War, and form an illuminating commentary on the diplomatic records contained in the other works under review. He foresees the inherent danger, not only to the Dual Monarchy, but also to the peace of the world, in the bitter anti-Slav policy of Aehrenthal and Berchtold, inflamed by the violence and indiscretions of the Hungarian ministers and military leaders. Dr. Baernreither travelled much in South-Eastern Europe prior to the War, and sensed at first hand the strength of anti-Austrian feeling in Serbia and in the recently annexed provinces. His warnings to Aehrenthal, however, fell upon deaf ears, and by Berchtold were taken as a sign that the time was ripe for a war of conquest that should obliterate the name of Serbia from the map of Europe.

Dr. Baernreither writes: "... the political future is determined rather by men's errors and mistakes than by their noble and benevolent ideas": his words, written a few months before the breaking of the storm, have a sinister significance to-day.

K. MACRAE MOIR.

AUGUSTINIANA

St. Augustine. By GIOVANNI PAPINI. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

A Monument to St. Augustine. By M. C. D'ARCY and others. Essays on his age, life, and thought. (Sheed & Ward. 12s. 6d.)

THE fifteenth Centenary of St. Augustine has given occasion to two notable books; one of which, by Giovanni Papini, the author of the "Story of Christ," will probably be widely read; the second, a collection of essays on the age, thought, and life of the saint, by a group of distinguished Catholic writers, deserves to be. But the best books are not always the best sellers; and the religious novelist may appeal to a larger public than the scholars to whom we owe the more serious work.

Augustine, says Papini, "did not wait for Freud to discover that the child from its mother's womb is less pure than most people believe. This Jewish alienist, who is an unbeliever even in his own synagogue, and glories in the well-deserved reputation of a scavenger of souls, has, he thinks, provided Christian apologists with fresh proofs of the existence of original sin and of the reasons for confession." He credits his hero with tendencies to which Gibbon would have referred under the decent veil of a dead language. Once suggested, such suspicions are not easily dismissed. It is impossible to prove a negative. But it is even more impossible to reconcile them with the second and third books of the Confessions; and it is to be regretted that such suppositions should have been so gratuitously introduced. The same must be said of the chapter entitled "The Promised Bridegroom." The Saint's mother, perceiving that he could not live single—he had lived with the mother of his son for fifteen years—determined to give him a lawful wife. "Only Eunuchs, Pharisees, or Quakers will find his sexual propensities incredible or scandalous," is his biographer's comment. "We do not know," he continues, "by what means, tears, or entreaties his consent was obtained for the banishing of this his first woman companion, to whom he was profoundly attached by the threefold bond of desire, affection, and fatherhood. Here we are faced by one of the problems in his life which will never be solved." Nothing can be added to Harnack's acute *aperçu* that the worst and most hateful consequence of the Augustinian system is that it places the Christian religion, as seen in Catholicism, in close and intrinsic relation with the province of sex. Whatever the much criticized Lambeth Conference has or has not done, it has at least avoided this pestilential snare.

The outstanding feature of the Essays on the age, life, and time of the Doctor of Grace is that it calls attention to the important neo-Catholic School represented in France by M. Maritain, M. Blondel, M. Gilson of the Sorbonne, M. Roland-Gosselin of the Institut Catholique and, in Germany, by the learned Jesuit Père Przywara, editor of the *STIMMEN DER ZEIT*. History is represented in papers on "The Dying World" and "The City of God," by Mr. Dawson, in which, by a curious prolepsis, an African heretic of the fourth century is described as an "Afro-Catholic" rather than a Donatist, since he believed "not that the Donatists were the only true church, but that they formed part of, though they were not in communion with, it": "The Life and Character of St. Augustine," by F. Martindale, who quaintly confesses his amazement at "the precocity, frequency, and versatility of sexual experiments amongst Southerners—in the South you do not (he tells us) find the miasma of romance." He would be almost contented if he had done no more than insist that St. Augustine was never an Englishman, not even an Italian. "Africa is not Italy. Skies of hard, staring blue; sunlight on white walls to make your eyes ache; nowhere a reticence—the purest woman saw daily the most loud-laughing vice; creeds cursed one another; affectation itself was crude." M. Maritain's "St. Augustine and St. Thomas" is, perhaps, the most acute and scholarly of these studies. "How foolish to oppose Thomism to Augustinianism! The first is a system, the second is not." What has been, historically, the most distinctive feature of the school, Predestination, is passed over lightly; the ice was thin. The Church of Rome has canonized Augustin and reprobated Calvin, says Gibbon. Yet, as the real difference

between them is invisible even with a theological microscope, the Molinists are oppressed by the authority of the Saint, and the Jansenists disgraced by their resemblance to the heretic. But perhaps, as an Eton tutor of a past generation wisely reminded his pupils, "the less we know of these things the better."

THE LAST OF THE NOVELISTS?

Marcel Proust: sa révélation psychologique. By ARNAUD DANDIEU. (Milford. 3s. 6d.)

Chelsea Way. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by HAMISH MILES. (Mathews & Marrot. Limited edition. 15s.)

Is it not true that considerable creators almost always give the impression of being the last of their line? Contemporaries see the particular temperament of the age so intimately expressed in their works that they have the feeling of being for the first time fully understood. Other writers have handled the same material, but never with quite this insistence upon what seems most significant to us. And so the legend grows that this author in particular has grasped at the essence of life in discarding literary artifice.

The *surréalistes* are complaining now that the public is prevented from appreciating newer authors with a different outlook by the cult of Valéry and Proust. And yet both in their time, by their peculiar sensibility, have thrown light just where the method of expression of their predecessors seemed most standardized.

Of the classical conception of time M. Dandieu writes:—

"L'attitude du romancier classique ou naturaliste est de se placer *au dessus* du temps. Il s'en suppose maître. Proust au contraire, renonçant à cette prestidigitacion, se place dans la durée concrète. Il court ainsi le risque d'être confus et contradictoire, car les évocations ne se font pas à volonté. . . . Proust ne dissimule pas combien ses moyens sont pauvres, il ne nous cache pas qu'il ne dispose que des matériaux que l'inconscient veut bien lui fournir."

The function of time in Proust's work is by now a rather well-worn theme among his commentators; but M. Dandieu does not stray far into that realm of metaphysics which has recently served as battleground for Professor Whitehead and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. He attacks, it is true, the Cartesian assumption, *cogito ergo sum*, but devotes most attention to the psychological implications of Proust's use of metaphor. While recognizing the affinities of such symbolism with the conclusions of Freud, he does not repeat the common blunder of supposing that Proust employs the psycho-analysts' method; since he evaded their very scheme of interpretation as too logical "et faisant trop confiance à l'efficacité du raisonnement."

Taking the concept of narcissism as best expressing Proust's relation towards empirical reality, M. Dandieu shows how the "arrested child-like character" attaches at times too little and at others too much significance to the manifestations of the outside world; but he quarrels with the preference expressed by M. Ramon Fernandez for the "more tonic" quality of Stendhal and Meredith, whom he regards as conforming like Proust to the "schizoid type," but taking refuge in action instead of in dreams. The loss of contact with reality is equally shown in their case, it is added, by the absence of the sense of repose. M. Dandieu has not the space to expound, or perhaps credits his readers with sufficient intelligence not to need informing, why "schizoid types" have something to teach their more equable contemporaries in perception if not in the convenient regulation of reality. His is a serious, stimulating work.

M. Maurois is neither pert nor solemn, if at times a shade ingratiating. In his amusing little exercise upon the theme of an imaginary visit of Proust's hero to England one seems to catch a reflection of all those who, like M. Capek, discover the legend of what foreign visitors to our shores are expected to be surprised at, and make certain of not disappointing their hosts. M. Maurois has the knack of evolving prose of a somewhat Germanic prolixity, which has been fluently translated, and will probably gratify all who remember Proust's work by the convolutions of his style rather than by the poignant sensibility which demanded discursions into such endless parentheses.

BERNARD CAUSTON.

STUDIES OF RELATIONSHIPS

A Note in Music. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

The Feathered Nest. By MARGARET LEECH. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

How many of us, in the delicious toils of "Dusty Answer," have murmured, "The second novel is the test!" But perhaps we were wrong after all. For, of course, "Dusty Answer" was not merely a "promising novel"—it was a terminus, its very charms announcing, No road this way. Perhaps we were really hoping to repeat the journey; perhaps that, too, would have been impossible; at any rate it has been denied us. "A Note in Music" is a half-hearted excursion into the great world. The scene is an industrial town in the north; there are business men, and prostitutes, and all sorts. Yet the book is much shorter than its predecessor, and, it must be confessed, not half so entertaining. Miss Lehmann has taken a wrong turning: the soul, and not the world, is her true material: and the world of this novel is poor and easy game. Tom, for instance—the insensitive, gross, good-humoured husband: how, in one book after another, he *will* present himself, and how the heart sinks at the sight of him! His wife is better—a middle-aged slattern with an attractive turn of mind, too much absorbed, however, in dissatisfaction with her husband. But a number even of the chief characters are supers, and a number of the incidents are almost pointedly incidental. In the disturbing influences, the unconscious homebreakers, Hugh and Clare, one hoped for a whiff of the old atmosphere; but Clare turns out to be a super, and Hugh, a cheerful extrovert, is barely sketched in. No, this is not, on the whole, Miss Lehmann's book, though it labours to become hers in spite of her. The dark young man from Oxford, produced so late and whisked away so ruthlessly—ought he, perhaps, to have been the hero, after all? He provides a charming page or two of "Dusty Answer" a little altered. Day-dreams, eternal passion have come sneaking in; but they are kept on a thin diet. And Miss Lehmann's method is unwisely chosen; she, like so many others, has been lured from the high road by the art of Virginia Woolf—lured by those siren accents, magical as an experience, but safer not regarded as an invitation. Yet, in spite of everything, the book has charm: what will the next be like?

"The Feathered Nest" is also a novel of relationships—a feminine work. Its chief figure is a woman, autocratic and possessive, with a passion for her sons. They, of course, cannot return her feeling, and so she is driven to thwart and torture them. The subject is painful; but it is delicately handled—in fact, too delicately; its possibilities were great, but Miss Leech has declined taking off her gloves to them. Her treatment of the characters, though perspicacious, is very kind and indulgent; she shifts the mental scene three times, dispersing the effect with each; and the ending is hardly on a level with the situations involved. The novel might have ended tragically—or with a conversion—or not at all. Each of these solutions is fingered and dropped, and it concludes, at length, half-heartedly. The style is neat and humorous; but the whole impression is a little flat.

K. JOHN.

INSURANCE NOTES

ASSURANCES FOR CHILDREN

THERE has been in recent years a growing popularity for this type of assurance. For one thing, educational costs are now such that parents realize adequate provision must be made. In very many cases parents are only able to afford the necessary school fees at great personal sacrifice to themselves, when with a little more foresight and systematic saving this burden could have been lightened.

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NEXT WEEK - J. M. KEYNES.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

NEW YORK REACTION—MR. KEYNES AND INTEREST RATES—CHEAP BONDS—FIRST CO-OPERATIVE

LONDON may be very depressed, but New York is becoming panicky. This week the third major reaction of the year has overtaken the New York Stock Exchange, selling being intensified by the failure of an important firm of stockbrokers. The first reaction came in the middle of April when the markets, after five months of hopes and promises, began to realize that there would be no business recovery by the summer. It took the American public more than two months to get rid of the feeling that they had been fooled by President Hoover's constructive programme. In July the professional operators manœuvred a recovery and a short second reaction followed at the beginning of August when the markets realized that there would be no business recovery by the autumn. Again the professionals stage-managed a recovery—it is noticeable that the public are not now playing a great part in the game—and in the middle of September for the third time the markets broke with the realization that the business recovery is postponed until next year. The drama is best told in chart form, but I must be content with figures. Here are the Dow Jones average prices for twenty representative rails and thirty industrial shares at the crests and the troughs of the waves—the troughs being shown in italics:—

	30 Industrials.	20 Rails.
September 16, 1929	373.39	182.72
November 18, 1929	227.58	140.23
April 15, 1930	293.26	156.39
June 25, 1930	215.58	125.08
July 28, 1930	240.81	134.38
August 12, 1930	217.14	126.74
September 10, 1930	245.09	132.73
September 28, 1930	208.14	122.50

It is no satisfaction to be accounted a Jeremiah, but the reactions of the New York stock markets were correctly forecast in THE NATION of March 15th and June 14th. This third reaction promises to be the most serious of the year. It comes about through dismay at the fresh slump in commodity prices and anxiety about political unrest in South America and Europe. The American business man—whatever his Press may say—has for the moment entirely lost confidence in himself. Let us remember that he has always plunged from one extreme to the other. At the height of the 1929 boom he believed that he had really shaken off the old economic laws. Nothing could stop the forward march of American prosperity. Now, in the depths of the 1930 slump, he can see no end to the descent. When an American is reduced to waiting upon signs of a business recovery in South America, Europe, and the Far East, he has certainly thrown up the sponge. It only requires some alarmist talk of a revolution in Germany and a war between Italy and France to throw him into a state of nerves. Hence another market panic like that of the autumn of 1929 is not impossible. After all, many American common stocks were selling on September 10th at sixteen times their estimated 1930 earnings, as compared with less than ten times in 1921 and 1923. But let me hasten to add that my belief in the sanity of the New York stockbroker is unshaken and my faith in the recovery of American business next year undimmed.

A provocative article by Mr. J. M. Keynes in the September "Index" of the Svenska Handelsbanken concludes with the prediction that the prospective course of the rate of interest will be steadily downwards and the prices of first-class bonds steadily upwards. Mr. Keynes reminds us that the high rates of interest obtainable for short-term loans in 1929 led to abnormal amounts of money being held in this form by individuals and institutions who have no compelling reason to keep such a large volume of

funds—which he estimates at £1,000 million—liquid. How long will these lenders be content to obtain 2 per cent. on short-term when they can obtain $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or more on long-term? Perhaps "in the comparatively near future" there will be a switching-over of this short-term money into first-class bonds of long date, and when this movement starts—"when the idea gets abroad that we are starting on a journey towards pre-war rates of interest"—to quote Mr. Keynes—"there will be a tremendous hurrying and scurrying not to miss the bus." The movement, however, has been held up by the pressure of what Mr. Keynes calls a "new class of distress borrowers"—corporations and Governments which have been hard hit by the slump in commodity prices and industrial output. Germany has now made things worse. With the question of revising the Treaty of Versailles and the Young Plan brought into the arena of party politics by the Hitler Party, how is the credit of Germany likely to improve? How can the prices of external German loans move steadily upwards? The recent crisis has already caused the interest yield on the external German loans to rise above that on the internal—a phenomenon which has not been seen since the stabilization of the mark.

It is therefore possible that we shall see interest rates declining in one half of the world—the politically stable—while remaining high in the other half—the politically unstable. The prices of British, American, French, Belgian, and Scandinavian Government bonds may continue to rise while those of certain Central European and South American Governments may for a considerable time return abnormally high yields. The following table gives the prices and yields of a few foreign bonds which have lately been suffering from the political complex:—

	Red.	Buying Price.	Flat Yield.	Redn. Yield.
Argentina 6%* ... about 1960	97½	N.Y.	6.15%	6.19%
Austrian 7% ... 1957	94½		7.52%	7.60%
Mortgage Bk. of Chile 6%* ... 1962	86	N.Y.	7.21%	7.62%
Berlin (City) 6% ... 1957	82½		7.38%	7.60%
German 5½% (Young Loan) ... 1965	79½		7.00%	7.18%
German 7% (Dawes Loan) ... 1949	103½		6.92%	6.90%
Peru 7½% (Guano) ... 1948	99		7.73%	7.80%
San Paulo 7% Coffee ... 1940	93½		7.64%	8.25%

* Dollar issues.

It will be observed that the German 5½ per cent. "Young" loan, which was issued at 90, is now returning a slightly higher yield than the 7 per cent. "Dawes" loan. There is no valid reason why it should ever return the lower yield of the two, seeing that the 7 per cent. "Dawes" loan enjoys a prior security. As everyone knows, who is not a Frenchman, the "Young" loan was issued too high.

In a period of falling industrial "equity" values it must be very unpleasant to be the director of an investment trust company which finds its portfolio choc-a-bloc with equity stocks unwisely purchased in the past. For that matter it must be still more unpleasant to be a shareholder. We are glad to see that the present board of directors of the First Co-operative Investment Trust have had the courage to face disagreeable facts and recommend a dividend for the half year of only 2 per cent., against 2½ per cent. in the previous half year. We have previously criticized the imprudent financial policy of the Co-operative Trusts when dividends of 7 per cent. per annum were being paid, and we welcomed in THE NATION of March 15th the change of dividend policy adopted by the new management. The First Co-operative is now proposing to alter its articles to make its ordinary shares transferable but not withdrawable. This is again unpleasant, but with a net depreciation of 17.75 per cent. on the Trust's investments, the directors must take the bull by the horns.

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